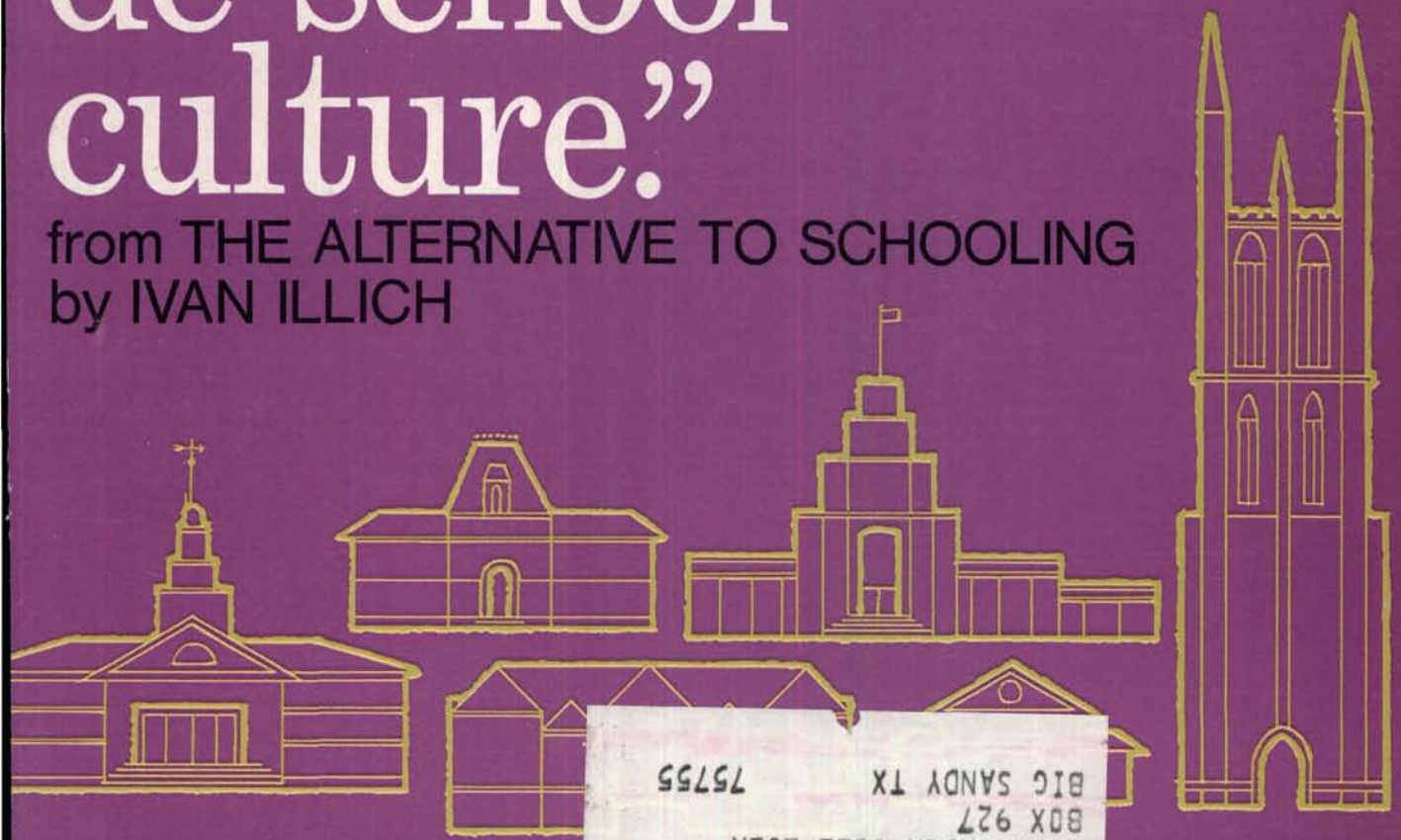
Why Enforced Work Won't Work in Welfare, by Alvin L. Schorr

Saturday Review

June 19, 1971 50¢

"We can disestablish schools or we can de-school culture."

from THE ALTERNATIVE TO SCHOOLING
by IVAN ILLICH



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Some women can drive a man to drink. She can do just the opposite.

She doesn't look at all extraordinary, does she? A typical schoolmarm, you might guess. Or just somebody's Aunt Mary.

Nevertheless, you'd have a hard time convincing some people from Missouri that she's not some sort of guardian angel.

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To them, her work can sometimes mean the difference between being happy and being miserable. Between feeling cared about and feeling alone. Between winning and losing their fight against one of the most underrated diseases in America.

From her office at the Mid-Missouri Mental Health Center, a state clinic in Columbia, she makes follow-up-therapy phone calls ("phone visits," she calls them) to more than 60 former patients of the Center's alcoholism treatment program.

Encouraging them. Advising. Sympathizing. Sometimes even scolding. But most of the time, just being an understanding friend during a time of crisis.

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We just thought that in an age of big business, big medicine, big everything—it'd be nice to call attention to the tremendous work one little lady is doing.

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In a sense, every editor in a book publishing house is an entrepreneur—finding, fixing, managing "his" or "her" books and, at some point, dreaming up some of the words that will help persuade people to read those books. Sometimes the books I write about are from my own particular list; most of the time they are books that are looked after by other editors.

THE REVELATIONS OF A DISAPPEARING MAN by Charles Tekeyan is not "my" book and I was not one of the editors who read it in manuscript. I found the title intriguing and a little bit disconcerting and sought out Tekeyan's editor for more information. "Fantastic book," he said. "It's a novel about identity, sexuality, life, death, eternity, a girl in leather and C. Aubrey Smith." I stared. "Read it," he said. "You'll see what I mean."

I did just that and discovered that all those subjects do figure in the book—particularly C. Aubrey Smith. I discovered further that THE REVELATIONS OF A DISAPPEARING MAN is a dark and dizzy novel about a man named Aristotle Harisiades who isn't sure what he wants to be and has interesting troubles finding out. For example, just when he starts to be domestic, his wife decides to leave him. He wants to become a minister but his atheism gets in the way. Girls seem to like him but every time he thinks he's doing something right, it turns out to be wrong. The only thing he's really good at is selling cars, but that's only because he couldn't care less about the product. Aristotle is a gullible traveler on the voyage through life. He sees others sharply, but too many people don't see him.

William Saroyan wrote: "I am happy to report that I found the writing really first rate: direct, unadorned, honest, amusing, with a kind of hobo intelligence, or wisdom." As for me, I was pulling for Aristotle Harisiades all the way. Because, if Aristotle is disappearing, I wonder what is happening to me? And to most of the people I like?

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE REVELATIONS OF A DISAPPEARING MAN ($6.95), by Charles Tekeyan, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019.

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Saturday Review

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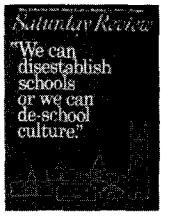
The Alternative to Schooling

by Ivan Illich

Cover design: Irving Spellens



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The one aspect of college life that seems to remain constant is that each new group of students feels it can do a better job of helping society meet its present and future needs. We think this holds as true today as it ever did.

It seems to us that campus unrest is publicized well out of proportion to the reality of the positive goals of the great majority of students. Students who, above all, want to make a meaningful contribution to our society with their lives.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Cocktail Party Called Success

MR. AND MRS. Ernest Worthing gave a "cocktail party" at their home last night, and more than thirty other middle-aged couples came by car, taxi, and on foot.

Neighborhood young poeple termed it a "great success."

"Naturally, we were concerned," one said. "We didn't know what to expect. But they explained exactly what it was supposed to be like."

"They'd made all their own decorations," another young person said, "and laid out little bowls of nuts and things. It was something they really wanted to do."

Almost no disturbances were reported. "They were very well behaved," a fifteen-year-old girl said. "I was at home, reading the works of Chairman Mao, and the ones who rang the doorbell and asked where the party was were very polite and nice."

"I thought I heard them singing once," a thirteen-year-old youth said, "while I was in my room, meditating. And later on I heard a glass break. But when I looked out, they were on the terrace, cleaning it up."

All agreed on the experiment's favorable outcome. "Sure, there was drinking," was one comment. "My parents told me this morning that there'd been drinking. But they were just trying to be together in their own way."

"It was good for them," an eleven-year-old youth said, "and it was good for us." A nine-year-old girl said enthusiastically, "I think they should do it again sometime. Next year, maybe."

Mr. and Mrs. Worthing appeared exhausted but elated. Asked about future plans, Mr. Worthing replied cautiously, "I don't know." Mrs. Worthing smiled shyly but happily. "We'll let someone else try giving the next one," she said.

—GEOFFREY BUSH

A Short Note on Long Hair

IN THIS, the Age of Hair, I have seen no mention of what seems to me to be a matter of genuine significance. It affects, among other things, the question of male or female superiority. Certainly it is more important than many things I have read about recently in books and magazines or heard about on the talk shows on TV.

The question that has been nagging me and that I felt I must find the answer to if I am to regain my peace of mind is simply this: Can a woman grow hair longer than a man can grow his beard? I suspected that a woman could outdo a man in this department, but could not be sure.

Most records can be established in a fairly short time, perhaps in minutes and certainly in not more than weeks or months. Consider the record for the number of persons who can crowd into a telephone booth, for the number of oysters that can be eaten at one sitting, or for the length of time contestants can teeter and totter on a teeter-totter. Growing hair, however, is something that takes years. It would be silly to tell a group of male and female competitors, "Ready, set, go. Now see who can grow the longest hair."

We must therefore search the annals of history, and this I have done. After considerable research, including asking my friends, I have discovered that the longest feminine tresses were those grown by a certain Miss Owens in the nineteenth century. They measured eight feet, three inches. I have been unable to learn anything more about Miss Owens, such as her first name, her other measurements, or what she did—other than cultivate her hair. I would especially like to know whether she ever married and, if not, whether her hair somehow stood in her way.

On the other hand or, in this case, chin, the longest recorded beard was that of Hans Langseth, a Norwegian immigrant to North Dakota. At the time of his death, in 1927, his beard had reached a length of seventeen feet, six inches. That makes it more than twice as long as Miss Owens's hair. I am sorry if this comes as bad news to Women's Libbers and female chauvinists. But facts are facts.

This is admittedly a sketchy report. Many questions remain. For instance, to what did Mr. Langseth and Miss Owens attribute their hirsute success? Could it have been diet? Massage? The competitive spirit? Unusual follicles? Heredity? And while Miss Owens may have been able to pile her more than eight feet of hair atop her head in a spectacular hairdo, what about Hans Langseth and his seventeen-and-a-half feet of beard? Did he wrap it around and around himself boa fashion? Or did he fold it neatly and stow it in a large pouch suspended from his neck?

Another thing, Hans Langseth's beard was donated to the Smithsonian Institution. But where is Miss Owens's hair? Did she refuse to give it up?

Anyhow, the central question is now answered, and my mind is somewhat at ease. A man, we learn, can grow a beard longer than a woman can grow her hair. Or perhaps I should say "has grown" rather than "can grow," for this is only the record of the past. Taking up the challenge, some woman may even now be on her way to surpassing Miss Owens and indeed growing hair longer than Mr. Langseth's beard.

If there is such a woman, however, there is probably also a man somewhere who will carry on where Hans Langseth left off. Or we can change the ground rules a little and, instead of comparing the length of a man's beard to that of a woman's hair, we can make it simply hair to hair. It just happens that the hair of Swami Pandarasannadhi, the head of a monastery in India, reached twenty-six feet in 1949. For all I know, it's still growing. On the other hand, the longest beard on a woman, who turns out to be Janice Deveree, born in Kentucky in 1842, petered out at a mere fourteen inches. Hair or beard, women come in a poor second.

Delilah's motive may not, after all, have been a desire to weaken Samson. It may have been jealousy.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Adaptation—Year 2000

I know. I know what song the
silence sings.
I know we read no sign of them at
all—
No cuneiform in clayey air.
No nest, no egg, no plume, no lime.
No call
To say they've not long since
turned stiff acold.
And yet I like to think they're with
us still.
They've learned to wait us out
until we go.
They're mutants and, as spirits,
blithely share
The earth and sky with us, not
even thinned
In numbers. No! They are untold,
untold,
And what I hear and feel in
evening chill
Is not the lonely rush of poison
wind
But is the whisper-brush of unseen
wings.
And so I still cast crumbs upon the
snow.

—EDWARD WELLEN

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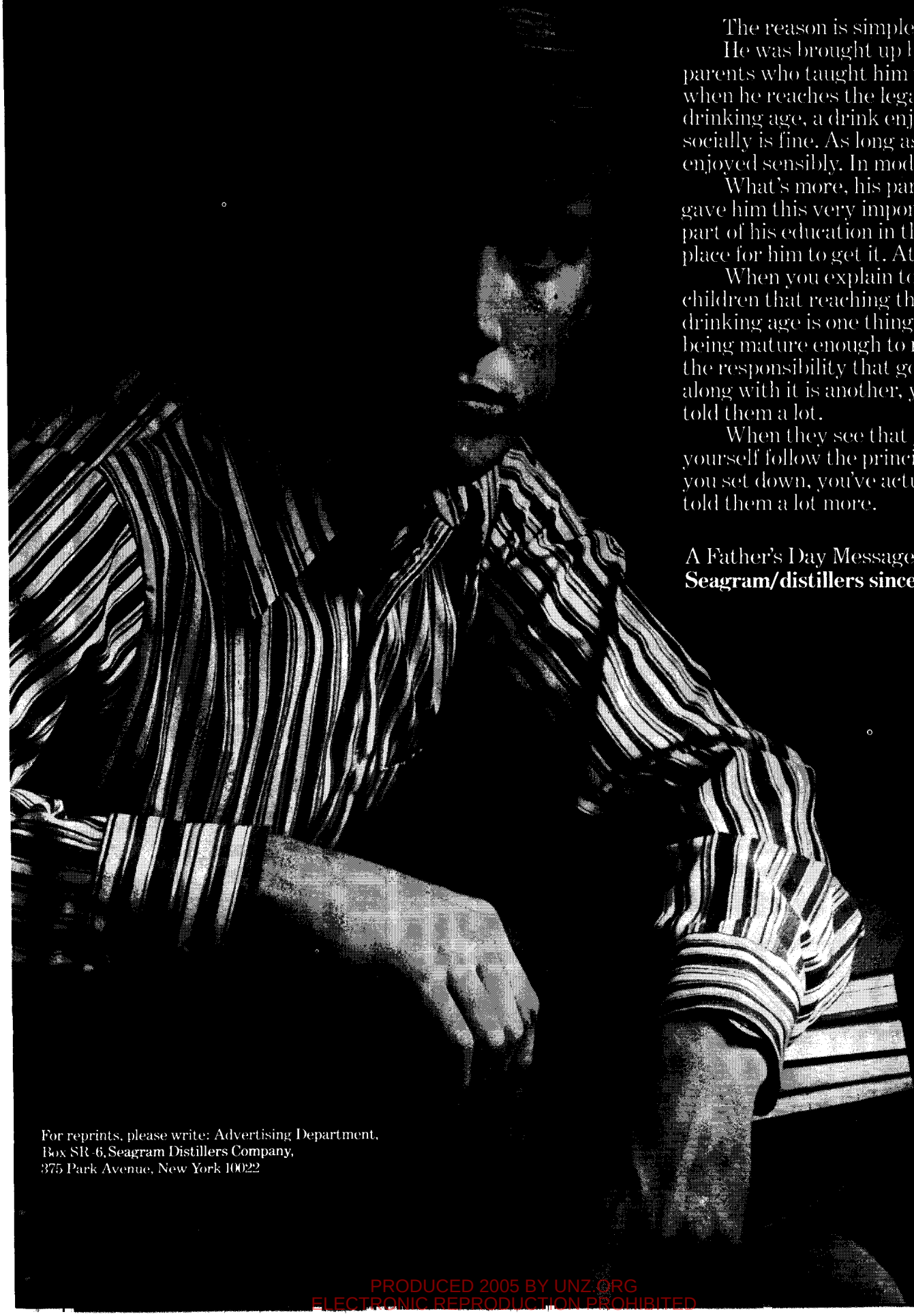
Chances are he'll never have one too many.



The reason is simple.

He was brought up by parents who taught him that, when he reaches the legal drinking age, a drink enjoyed socially is fine. As long as it's enjoyed sensibly. In moderation.

What's more, his parents gave him this very important part of his education in the best place for him to get it. At home.

When you explain to your children that reaching the legal drinking age is one thing, and being mature enough to realize the responsibility that goes along with it is another, you've told them a lot.

When they see that you yourself follow the principles you set down, you've actually told them a lot more.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Yours of Uneven Date Received

PILED HIGH on this desk are about two hundred letters from readers who have taken pen, or typewriter, or crayon in hand. And a few, lipstick. The desk is a mess. At least I think a desk is under there. I haven't seen it in months.

It's not as if I've ignored the letters. Being by nature appreciative and courteous, I've met this crisis halfway. That is, I've opened all the letters, read them, and found them to run from opprobrious, to chiding, to embarrassingly complimentary. The other halfway is simply that I haven't answered any of them.

Day by day the pile grows higher, and as I search through the clutter of mail to find the desk calendar or the telephone, I become very nervous. Guilt-ridden. Bowed under the weight of the knowledge that, among my other frailties, I am irresponsive.

Beset in this small private world of my own pollution, I am strangled. As I sink into oblivion, my whole future flashes before me in instant foreplay, and I can plainly see the pile of letters growing as high as a circus elephant's eye, as he delicately balances himself on top of a spangled, overturned tub.

I could vow to answer all letters the day they arrive. But my vow is meaningless. I've made it several times before. Only two months ago I cleared all the letters off the desk, and made a vow.

"From this day on," I wrote in blood, "when a reader takes the time to write an opprobrious, or a chiding, or an embarrassingly complimentary letter, I vow to acknowledge his letter on the day it is received."

That vow was not worth the paper it's written on, or the blood in which it was inscribed. But I know it's down in there somewhere at the bottom of the mail. So now you see my problem. To find it, and to rearrange my indolent letter-answering habit, I will unhappily have to remove all the letters and begin afresh. This, then, is a group letter —group response for you, group therapy for me.

To the opprobrious I answer, "Oh yeah?" To the chiding, "Sorry about that." To the embarrassingly complimentary, "Your intelligent letter received."

I could have, should have, answered all those letters before the hike in postage rates. Now, letter answering is a whole new ballgame. The 5-cent postcard is up 1 cent, first-class mail up 2 cents. I could have saved a pretty penny. But my sloth serves me right.

I'm happy to say that most of the letters in that group were from concerned citizens and pertained to a piece written here on the faulty grammar used by TV personalities. One letter that I recall vividly is from a woman who had written to the CBS network complaining about the usually meticulous Walter Cronkite.

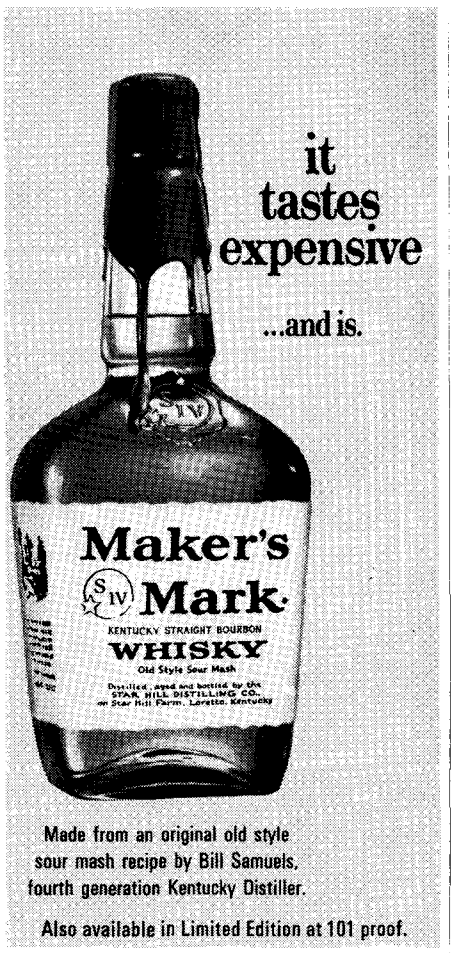
It seems that during one of his newscasts, Mr. Cronkite said he "felt badly" about something. Our woman who took pen in hand wrote CBS that Mr. Cronkite "felt badly" because he had spent that day in his vault clipping coupons. Thus his fingers had become numb and he felt badly.

She received a form letter from CBS that thanked her for writing, for watching CBS-TV, and hoped she would continue. About her complaint, the CBS form letter went on, they felt—how do you think? Badly!

Awards are given every year to Best Play, Best Movie, Best TV Program, Best Book, Best Ballplayer, Best Strawberry Preserves. There is no award for Best Letter to an Editor or to a columnist. There should be. And in that pile of mail I so cavalierly tossed aside, there were many nominees for such an award.

Oops! One of those swift couriers from the Post Office just ambled in and dropped six more letters on my vow, which graces the center of my newly cleared desk. These I will answer instantly. I've learned my lesson. I vowed.

Oh, I didn't know it was that late. Noon. I'll go to the club first and have lunch. Then I'll come back and—oh, that's no good. I have an appointment with the barber. I'll answer these first thing in the morning. Well, not the very first thing. Tomorrow I have to visit my doctor. He's in a hospital. Bad back. Well, day after tomorrow. I'll just post-date this vow. Oh, that's a Saturday. Definitely Monday possibly. OK?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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

It was quite an ABA (American Booksellers Association) convention. For one thing, after years of convening in Washington, this time it convened in Boston. For another, it had everything from a book called *Wunnerful, Wunnerful* to a book called *Nobody Said You Had to Eat off the Floor Colon A Psychiatrist's Wife's Guide to Housekeeping*. For still another, it had everything from a real witch who didn't show up (she had, it seems, a "bad aspect" that day) to a young poet who wasn't on the schedule at all but who gave a press conference anyway. "I'm not here to get press clippings," he said sternly. "I'm just here to show you poets aren't people who walk around with a daisy in their hands."

The accent was on youth, but among those who accented it best were Paul Dudley White, eighty-four, Edward G. Robinson, seventy-eight, Henry Beetle Hough, seventy-five, Cass Canfield, seventy-four, and Lawrence Welk, sixty-eight.

Mr. Welk, of *Wunnerful, Wunnerful* (Prentice-Hall), charmed the first day's press conference. "I talk Yerman," he explained. "It's hard for me to talk Yenglish. The new book came about it," he continued. "I mean about, because it is an autobiography. I think that's what it is. Some of the books that were written by me I never knew about it. But this one by me, by Bernice McGeehan, is wunnerful. I was reading it one evening and I was crying like a little baby."

The news about the witch was rich. "Sybil Leek isn't here today," explained Abelard's Linda Exman, "because of threats on her life. This is not a publicity stunt. One of the threats on her life was made by a baseball player who used to be with the Dodgers." What, we wanted to know, position? Miss Exman ignored us. She did tell us, however, the title of Miss Leek's forthcoming book. We said we would like to get it in but the aspect was really rotten.

The autograph champion was Liz Renay, a V-girl who has had six marriages, five grandchildren, three years in prison, and, according to the jacket of her book (Lyle Stuart), "more love relationships than six swingers of our time can boast of combined." The title of her book, incidentally, is *My Face for the World to See*—but judging from the way she dressed at the convention, it was a topographical error.

"I was a sandwich," declared Carol Eisen, "between Liz Renay and *The Weight Watcher's Cookbook*." Miss Eisen was not only promoting her book; she was also covering the convention for *Life*. "I keep asking people," she said, "do you want to interview me or me you? I know *Life* is economizing, but this is ridiculous." Someone asked Miss Eisen why her book wasn't in the stores. "Do you," replied Carol, "want the expurgated answer or the unexpurgated?" We asked Miss Eisen if, being married to a psychiatrist, she had ever been analyzed. "No," she said, "I never touch the stuff myself."

New houses were everywhere. One that interested us was Prairie House, which will specialize in photographic books and has a girl president, Susan Hall. "Most picture books," said creative director Bob Adelman, "are boxes of chocolates—organized distraction or propaganda. Ours will be attempts at thoughtfulness." A catalogue that intrigued us was Tuttle's, of Tokyo and of Rutland, Vermont—in particular two Tuttle titles, *Noodle Words* and *An Introduction to Netsuke*. Harriette Waterman asked us to lead off the questioning of Mary Walker Phillips, author of *Macramé* (Golden). We guessed it was a biography, but we told her frankly we weren't familiar with Macramé's work. "How," we asked nervously, "would you define Macramé?" "It's nothing," Mrs. Phillips replied. Nonsense, we reassured her, it must be more than that—and soon, indeed, we found it was. Nothing it turned out, was knotting.

Three "cause" authors who attended the convention were Walter Hickel (*Who Owns America*, Prentice-Hall), David Brower (*The Earth's Wild Places*, McCall Books), and Edward Swartz (*Toys That Don't Care*, Lippincott). Speaking at luncheon about his dismissal from the Cabinet by President Nixon, Mr. Hickel was wry. "I'm not bitter," he told us. "I never asked why did he fire me. I just always asked why the hell did he hire me." The admirable Mr. Brower, on the other hand, was firm. "I agree with the person who said that ninety per cent of American architects have never heard of the sun. We have to go back to the sun as a source." As for Mr. Swartz, he made a stir by describing such dangerous toys as a play oven with 110 volts and a hypodermic needle, available in most toy stores, upon which is written "I'm Hippy Sippy. I'll try anything."

Among black authors represented were the great Gordon Parks (*In Love*, Lippincott) and Adam Clayton Powell (*Adam by Adam*, Dial). Asked whether he considered himself a photographer, a poet, a writer, a director, or a journalist, Mr. Parks paused. "I suppose," he said gently, "if there was one word I'd like to live up to, it's 'artist.'" Mr. Powell was blunt. "We are a topless society," he said. "I mean politically—

(*Continued on page* 62)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1940)

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What's Wrong at the United Nations

"The dimensions of the tragic deterioration of the Secretariat are in part the result of the general financial situation, but the lack of funds is not the whole, or even the main, root of the evil."

by HUGH L. KEENLEYSIDE

When Secretary General U Thant leaves his post at the end of 1971—a prospect that now can be accepted with assurance—the United Nations will face a new administrative crisis. The period of transition will be a time of danger, but also one of opportunity.

One serious peril is the possibility that the Russians and their associates may revive the campaign to abolish the post of Secretary General as envisioned and established by the Charter and to substitute a "troika" directorate. This would mean the appointment of a triumvirate—one representative from the Communist states, one from the "Western" bloc, and one from the nations described as nonaligned—each member with equal powers. As Khrushchev declared—when enraged by the late Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold's efforts to bring peace to the Congo—such a change is necessary because "there is no neutral man." The troika arrangement, in effect, would have extended the right of veto into the management of the Secretariat. Fortunately, when the proposal was first made it was emphatically rejected by the General Assembly, and anarchy was at least postponed. But Communist hostility to the development of a strong and independent international civil service, and to the appointment of a strong and independent man to head it, has not subsided.

A second hazard is the possibility—if not, indeed, the probability—that U Thant's successor may be a limber politician who will seek to avoid administrative grief by bowing to whatever influence is at any moment the most potent or irksome.

If these and other dangers can be avoided, the more enlightened and courageous member states may "observe the opportunity." When the leadership is changing, alterations in the structure and procedures as well as in the personnel of the Secretariat can be effected with a minimum of organizational shock and individual distress.

One of the basic administrative problems of the United Nations is an inevitable result of the Secretary General's dual role. No man who shares the Hammarskjold, and the Thant, interpretation of the office's political responsibilities—a concept inherent in the Charter but only thinly developed by Trygve Lie—can possibly devote to administration the time and concentration required by such a complex and diversified organization as the United Nations Secretariat. There are not enough hours in the year to enable one man to work effectively at both the political and administrative tasks. No one understands this better than U Thant, who has tried valorously but vainly to meet both responsibilities.

Dag Hammarskjold made a great effort. While almost constantly engrossed in trying to do something about the dangerous political chaos in which the world was immersed, he was also deeply concerned with the functioning of the organization and the quality of the staff. Early in his term he made a vigorous attempt to improve morale and to strengthen the idealism that had marked the great majority of the members of the Secretariat ever since the famous night in 1945 when David Owen, from the staff of the Preparatory Commission, accompanied by his secretary, knocked on the door of Church House in London and in response to the caretaker's challenge announced proudly, "We are the United Nations." Hammarskjold's task was complicated by the almost complacent way his predecessor, Trygve Lie, and some of those about him, had tolerated Senator Joseph McCarthy's attacks on U.N. personnel. Hammarskjold banned all agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and other U.S. security organizations from U.N. buildings and strongly supported members of the staff against the assaults of the Senator from Wisconsin.

Hammarskjold also used cool, clear language to tell the French and other demanding governments that only thoroughly competent nominees would be considered for appointment to his staff. He removed or changed the responsibilities of a number of the senior officers who had served under Lie

HUGH L. KEENLEYSIDE was a member of the Canadian delegation to the first General Assembly of the United Nations in 1945 and to the twenty-fifth in 1970. From 1950 to 1958 he was Director General of the United Nations Technical Assistance Administration and later was Under Secretary General for Public Administration.

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and in other cases let it be known that appointments were not for life, that flamboyance did not impress him, and that competence included the promotion of good relations with both colleagues and the public. His "quiet diplomacy" had internal as well as external applications. He did about as much as any person in his position could do to apply the principles of the Charter and to withstand pressures from those whose attitude toward the international civil service was either indifferent or inimical.

U Thant has been faced with even greater administrative difficulties. International relations today are more complex, tense, and dangerous than they were during the Hammarskjold decade. Thus, the political demands on the Secretary General again have increased, and Thant, who is essentially political by nature, has less and less time for his administrative duties. This further agitates the already troubled waters of the Secretariat.

The work of the General Assembly in its annual sessions is normally divided among seven Main Committees, on each of which all the member states are represented. In 1970, after the admission of Fiji, there were 127 members. Each committee reports its findings and recommendations to a plenary session of the Assembly for final action.

The Fifth Committee deals with all administrative and financial matters. During the 1970 anniversary session it was faced with two major issues: the financial bankruptcy of the organization and the deterioration of the Secretariat. At the end of 1970 member states were delinquent in their payments to the United Nations by almost $200-million. On several occasions during 1969 and 1970 there was not enough money to pay staff salaries, and the Secretary General had to borrow from trust funds and special accounts. And the monetary situation is getting steadily worse.

Member governments have two kinds of financial obligations. First, there is the regular annual assessment based on a complicated and long-accepted formula about which there is now little debate. Here government debts amount to $55-million. Then there are special funds for exceptional purposes that, when approved by the General Assembly, are generally regarded as legal financial obligations. Yet some governments, those of France and the U.S.S.R. most prominent among them, have refused to contribute to special funds such as that for the U.N. emergency force in the Middle East and the ad hoc account for U.N. activities in the Congo, both of which had been established by the General Assembly. The Soviet Union has also refused to pay its proportion of the regular budget assessment for the Commission for the Unification and Rehabilitation of Korea and even for the upkeep of the United Nations Memorial Cemetery in that country.

When efforts were made last October to persuade or shame delinquent governments into paying their shares of these special assessments, the U.S. delegation found itself in something of a dilemma. Only a few weeks before, Congress, influenced by George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, and others, had refused to vote a portion of the funds required to meet U.S. obligations to the International Labor Organization. The refusal was in retaliation for the election of a Russian as one of the eight deputy directors general of the Organization. Congress acted against the wishes of the State Department, and fortunately the Nixon administration now has committed itself to restore the cut. But coming at the time it did, the action severely limited the moral authority of U.S. representatives in the Assembly debates about the French and Soviet delinquencies.

This practice of governments making independent decisions on whether to pay their shares of special or emergency expenditures is a matter of the utmost importance. It is certain that the United Nations will have to engage in more and more relief or peacekeeping duties, for which money must be found. Expenditures continue to rise at a rate almost equal to that of the domestic budgets of the more affluent national governments. But fears of financial collapse never have influenced the membership to halt its insistent demands on either the Secretary General or his staff.

The governments of wealthier countries find it easier to complain about the rising costs of the United Nations than they do about their own skyrocketing expenditures. The poor nations pay the United Nations so little that they don't seriously object because they receive so much more than they contribute. The result is an almost ready-made majority for any seductive budget increase. The irresponsibility of many member governments is illustrated by the not unusual custom of a national delegation from an impoverished country holding a cocktail or buffet reception in a New York hotel at a cost of $15,000 to $30,000 at the same time that its government is far behind in the payment of its meager U.N. assessments.

As the total indebtedness of the member governments is now almost equal to the annual expenditure of the U.N. organization, it is obvious that a crisis that will require drastic action of some kind is rapidly approaching. If it were not for the fact that some of the worst financial offenders also are among the largest contributors, it might be expected that the United States, the U.S.S.R., Britain, France, and other major powers would join in bringing pressure on the defaulters. These powers have had plenty of experience in twisting official arms for less worthy purposes.

The dimensions of the tragic deterioration of the Secretariat are in part the result of the general financial situation, but lack of funds is not the whole, or even the main, root of the evil. When in 1970 the Fifth Committee received demands for a major increase in the salaries of all professional staff members, it started a debate that lasted on and off for several weeks and that unveiled much more about general conditions in the Secretariat than some delegations and U.N. administrators wanted to have disclosed. Dissatisfaction with the work of the organization had been increasing among the more serious delegations over a number of years. It was obvious that productivity was low and getting lower. Many of the better people were leaving. Morale was deplorable; discontent was endemic. At one time during the salary debate there was even a possibility that the professional staff might strike. Discussions with responsible employees made it clear that there was a significant degree of unanimity on what was wrong. The continuous rise in the cost of living in the New York area was an obvious factor. Even more important was the brutal deterioration of a city where congestion and pollution were matched by the increase in crime and in outbreaks of racial and politically motivated disorders.

But beyond these circumstances was the organizational chaos within the Secretariat. Here it was agreed that the two most important factors were 1) the way in which the principle of "geographic distribution" was being applied in appointments and promotions, and 2) the manner in which member governments were interfering with the efforts to establish and maintain an authentic and trustworthy international civil service. At the San Francisco Conference in 1945 it was decided after long debate that the principle of an independent service, which had been pioneered by Sir Eric Drummond in the League of Nations, should govern the Secretariat. Thus in the early days of the agency major attention was given to the selection of persons with "the highest standards of efficiency, competence, and integrity." This is not to suggest that governments were uninterested in having their own nation-

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als appointed or that they always supported suitable candidates. Some governments even then played every known political trick and pulled every available string to obtain jobs for their favorites. But in general there were enough posts to pacify, if not satisfy, all but the most greedily aggressive of the member governments. And most of the successful candidates were indeed men and women of intelligence, integrity, and fidelity. Unfortunately, this is no longer equally true.

In the past twenty years the membership of the United Nations has more than doubled. Moreover, the numbers, experience, and quality of persons employed in both the public and private sectors of many new member nations have been grossly inadequate even for their own domestic needs. Thus the problem of finding suitable candidates for the world service from these countries has been always difficult and sometimes insoluble. Nevertheless, all governments want to be represented in the Secretariat, and none is satisfied to be included only in the lower echelons.

The situation is made worse when some governments, realizing that they do not have or cannot spare persons with adequate qualifications—and also being aware of what seem fabulous salaries paid to U.N. personnel—press for the appointment of individuals whose major qualifications are their political and social influence at home. In such cases the Secretary General and the Director of Personnel sometimes have been subjected to almost intolerable pressures, and inevitable compromises have resulted. This means not only that persons of less than satisfactory quality are added to the U.N. staff but that, because they tend to move in at relatively high levels, they block the paths of able young officials seeking promotion through the ranks. Thus any serious efforts at career planning and in-service training are also stymied. Ambitions are thwarted and incentives dissolved.

This "competition among incompetents" also has resulted in an organization that is, in many areas, overstaffed. The work must be done, and if some staff members are incapable of doing it, others must be employed. Consequently, there are pockets of idleness that, in turn, become infected with sloth and a lack of discipline. Intrigues and bitterness, sometimes exacerbated by racial or other antipathies, soon follow.

The second great problem facing U.N. administrators is the manner in which some governments retain control of their citizens after appointment to the Secretariat. Such governments make it almost impossible for their nationals to adhere to their oath of office in which they promise:

> " . . . . to exercise in all loyalty, discretion, and conscience the functions entrusted to me as a member of the international service of the United Nations, to discharge those functions and regulate my conduct with the interests of the United Nations only in view, and not to seek or accept instructions in regard to the performance of my duties from any government or other authority external to the organization."

Similarly, when governments sign the Charter, they agree to

> "respect the exclusively international character of the responsibilities of the Secretary-General and the staff and not to seek to influence them in the discharge of their responsibilities."

Obviously, if these principles are to work in practice, they require more than high integrity on the part of the employee; they also demand a high standard of behavior on the part of governments. However, few international pledges are as contemptuously and consistently disregarded. It is no secret to any student of U.N. affairs that information and documents, no matter how classified or privileged, might just as well be transmitted directly to certain permanent missions as to be given to the nationals of the countries concerned who are working in the Secretariat. More than once the Secretary General has received a complaint from a delegation before he has received the internal paper against which the accusation is laid.

One method governments use to retain control over their nationals who work in the Secretariat is to demand and receive "term" appointments for their nominees. Human nature being what it is, it would take a singularly conscientious and strong-minded individual to act with the objectivity demanded of the ideal international civil servant when he knows that his future career at home may be adversely affected if he displeases his government while working on a two- or three-year assignment at the United Nations. Of the 124 Russians in the Secretariat, 123 are there on term appointments!

In any large organization it is normal that there will be charges of prejudice and favoritism in appointment and promotion practices. Often these can and should be disregarded, as any experienced administrator knows. In the case of the United Nations, however, these customary complaints are sharpened by national sentiments and susceptibilities. In the 1950s it was agreed that a quota system would provide guidelines for the distribution of staff appointments. These were based on a list of such factors as population, standards of education, financial contributions to the U.N. budget, and so forth. The national quotas were not intended to be mandatory, merely indicative. In the case of the United States, for example, the quota, or "desirable range" as it is officially known, is 411 to 605 (the actual number in 1970 was reported as 414); for Canada the range is 45 to 60 (56); for Britain 82 to 114 (134). The Soviet Union, which has traditionally been slow in presenting candidates with acceptable qualifications (particularly competence in the working languages), has a range of 188 to 272; the actual number em-

(*Continued on page* 29)

" . . . to have and to hold in counterproductive as well as productive time frames, so long as you are bilaterally capable of maintaining a viable life-style. . . ."

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The Great Trip-Wire Delusion

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Alan Cranston, U.S. Senator from California, and longtime contributor to* SR.

The U.S. Senate recently voted down Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's attempt to compel a 50 per cent reduction in the number of American ground troops stationed in Europe.

In the Senate debate much attention was given to the need to scale down East-West tensions, to correct our adverse balance of payments, and to get our now quite prosperous allies to assume a larger share of the financial and military burdens of NATO. All good points. But I sensed a disturbing undercurrent.

There appears to be a tacit understanding on both sides of the Atlantic that a sizable number of American troops must be stationed on the Continent as a kind of human trip wire to assure our intervention in the event of a Soviet invasion of Western Europe.

The theory seems to be that thousands of Americans must be engaged in mortal combat in the first days of such an invasion, else we will not intercede. The belief is that the larger this human trip wire, and the more human flesh it contains, the more confident our friends and allies will feel, and the more hesitant the Russians will be.

I find this concept utterly repellent, and morally grotesque. I am appalled by the image of 300,000 Americans being offered up as sacrificial hostages in a new, perverted version of "earnest money" to reassure our friends that we will keep our pledge. I am shocked each time our foreign friends interpret any effort to reduce the number of hostages as hard evidence that we indeed intend to go back on our word.

What kind of friends are these anyway? What kind of opinion do they have of us to think that we do not value human lives unless they are American lives? To think that we would not consider the lives of other free men worthy of our concern in the event of Soviet aggression? And to think that only the on-the-spot slaughter of young Americans could provoke us to act in our own best interests?

Those who subscribe to the trip-wire strategy claim it offers us flexibility—a way to resist aggression without resorting to all-out nuclear retaliation. The fact is, however, that the great armies of NATO and the Warsaw Pact facing each other across an imaginary line in Central Europe are as dated as the cavalry that tried to stand up to the Nazi panzer divisions in Poland. Our troops in Europe are armed with tactical nuclear weapons as are, presumably, the Warsaw Pact forces.

The Davy Crockett, a cannon manned by a crew of five, has been called the "keystone of the Allied defense line." With an explosive force somewhat less than that of the Hiroshima bomb, it is our smallest tactical weapon, and we have others even more powerful.

In an East-West war in Europe, the side that is losing, or thinks it is losing, will without doubt resort to nuclear weapons to "save the day." Even the "winning" side would do so, if it thought the enemy was about to launch a strike. It is for just these eventualities that we have our tactical nuclear weapons positioned there. So our troops in Europe are targets for almost certain death or radiation poisoning in the event of war. They cannot win; they can only destroy and be destroyed.

We have been lucky so far, but the day must come soon—before this murderous insanity goes too much further—when we will have to reduce our NATO forces. We must recognize that there is no true security for us or for anyone else in a world in which nuclear weapons are on the loose. We must set about the task of providing leadership dedicated to achieving world peace through world law.

Do some of our leaders feel that they must use a trip-wire force to insure that we will keep our commitment to our NATO allies? Are we busily preparing for a day when we may be in the same position in Europe as we are now in in Southeast Asia? Will we someday be told that millions of Americans must die for those 300,000 American troops in Europe—just as we are being told now that still more Americans must die in Indochina so that the deaths of the 45,000 already killed there will, somehow, have been "worthwhile"?

If that is what some of our leaders think, if that is why they insist on maintaining 300,000 American troops on European soil, their perspective, in my judgment, is dangerously distorted. One such horror is more than enough in the lifetime of any nation.

The fact is that the whole structure of the trip-wire concept is built on false assumptions. The fact is that we do not need such an immoral mechanism forcibly to link Europe's destiny with ours. The fact is that we are inextricably linked with Europe—by past history and heritage, and by present politics and economics.

A free, independent Europe is vital to America's survival and to world peace; a free Europe and a free America stand or fall together.

That is the real meaning of NATO, that is why we are in the alliance, that is why we will unhesitatingly honor our commitment should we ever be called upon to do so—not to avenge the blood of American hostages, but to defend American freedom and the very concept of freedom.

Our European allies and those of our leaders who presume otherwise do the American people a grave injustice.

—ALAN CRANSTON.

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Letters to the Editor

Ivory Tower Humanism

PROFESSOR Albert William Levi's editorial "Humanism and Survival" [*SR*, May 15], appealing to the literati to descend from their ivory towers to the dirt floors of the political arenas, is refreshing indeed. The intelligentsia's reluctance to leave the sanctuary of their ivied cloisters can only be attributed to selfishness.

Not since the framing of the Constitution has any large group of learned gentlemen been involved in American politics. These intelligent and unselfish men gave of their money, time, and knowledge to endow us with a workable form of government. Since then, the number of scholarly types in American politics can be counted on one's fingers. If mankind's survival is dependent on getting scholars to participate in politics—good-by.

C. P. MISCAVISH,
Los Angeles, Calif.

IT WOULD BE SAD to let stand Professor Albert Levi's statement: "Goethe . . . unpolitical to the core . . . set the pattern of political withdrawal that was to influence the German intelligentsia for a century and a half and that was finally to reap a bitter harvest in the triumph of Adolf Hitler."

Even staying within the boundaries of political involvement in literature alone, it is evident that the German intelligentsia has been particularly active since Goethe. The very essence of the "Junge Deutschland" movement, which developed shortly before Goethe's death in 1832 and continued to about 1850, was political involvement. The failure of the 1848 revolution in Germany had a somewhat sobering effect on the intelligentsia. Yet the period of Naturalism (circa 1880-1900) was deeply concerned with contemporary social problems and was followed in 1910 by Expressionism with its very strong exhibition of political activism.

Many of the representatives of the above-mentioned literary movements suffered incarceration and persecution for their political involvement and should not be conveniently eliminated because of the successive specter of Adolf Hitler.

MONIKA FRANZEN-KABEL,
Clayton, Mo.

Testing, Testing

IN HIS ARTICLE "Test Pattern for Living" [*SR*, May 29], Nicholas Johnson suggests getting rid of *things* in order to feel more of life, to get closer to the earth.

In this pursuit, perhaps one of the first things to go should be the television set, if not permanently, then for extended periods. Without it, life is slower, quieter, more sensitive to immediate surroundings, less consumer-oriented. Accordingly, there is apt to be more communication among family members, more reading, more pensive thought, and more active, natural, creative play. . . .

With a leader of such awareness in the FCC, perhaps television's messages will become more worthy of the medium's awesome influence.

KATHRYN MOODY,
Larchmont, N.Y.

NICHOLAS JOHNSON'S ARTICLE was delightful and thought-provoking. Nevertheless, I should like to warn Mr. Johnhon to limit his baking efforts on camping trips to pies. His cakes and biscuits would surely fall if he substituted bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) for baking powder.

ZELLA M. SMAYLING,
St. Anthony Village, Minn.

Surviving Psychiatry

JUDD MARMOR'S article "Psychiatry and the Survival of Man" [*SR*, May 22] is but the latest example of the political thinking we have come to expect from a considerable segment of the psychiatric profession. Apparently, Dr. Marmor has grown weary of attempting to find cures for mentally ill persons. Having armed himself with a smattering of Marcuse, he is ready to transform our fundamental institutions.

No doubt he is serenely certain that in his brave new world there will be no "pathogenic" social relationships. We will all be happy to give up our freedom to the central planners he demands, and, to make sure of that, he wants to brainwash the children for a start. . . .

What Dr. Marmor is prescribing for us in fact is a totalitarian dictatorship. His totally planned society is impossible in any other context. If he succeeds, there is little doubt of the future role of psychiatry. We have only to look at the Soviet Union, which claps its dissenters into mental hospitals on the grounds that only a crazy man could be against the planned society of the workers' paradise.

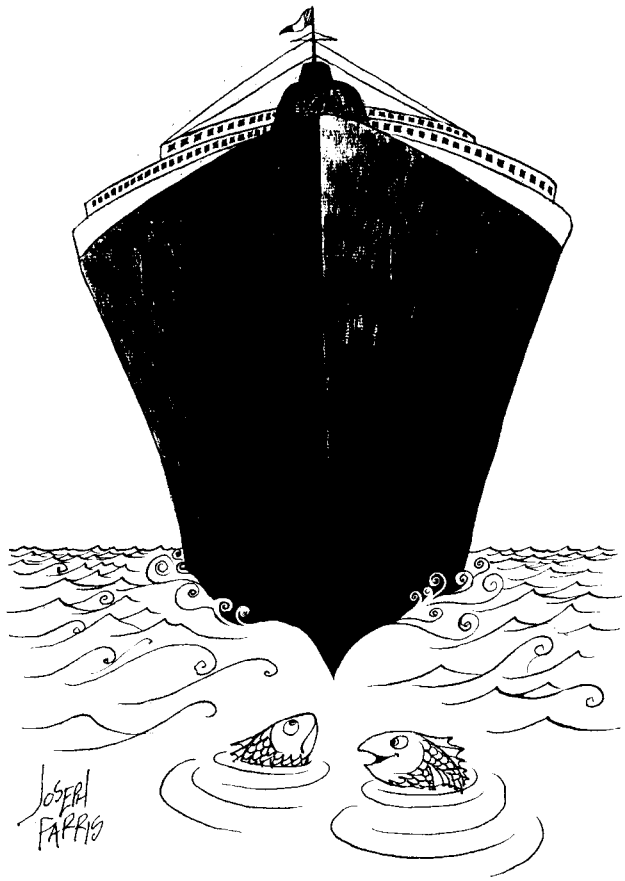
JOHN P. WHITE,
Chairman, Department of
Political Science,
Arizona State University,
Tempe, Ariz.

Reading Right

IT IS INTERESTING to note that the ideas expressed in David Dempsey's article "The Right to Read" [*SR*, Apr. 17] were so completely rejected in California a few years back that some of our legislators tried to get a bill passed that would prohibit anyone from tutoring who did not have state teaching credentials.

While it is true that (as the article points out) older children are the most effective tutors, a group of more effective people has been overlooked. I am referring to the physically handicapped—particularly para- and quadriplegics. Children respond to them because they (the children) are given a sense of worth and importance by *having* to help the teacher. The physically handicapped teacher can apply adult knowledge on the physical plane of the "older student," since children classify these teachers with themselves rather than with the world of overpowering adults.

EVELYN GIVENS,
Los Angeles, Calif.



"Let's play chicken."

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Ruling the Rule-Makers

WILL THE FCC let the American people down again and frustrate their rising expectations of a broad band communications revolution that is waiting to be triggered at last by the unshackling of cable television? This question will be answered by a dramatic hearing (and its aftermath) scheduled to be conducted by the Subcommittee on Communications of the Senate Commerce Committee on June 15. Senator Warren G. Magnuson of Washington is chairman of the parent committee, and Senator John O. Pastore of Rhode Island heads the subcommittee. In a joint letter, both Senators have ordered Dean Burch, chairman of the FCC, and his six colleagues to appear before the communications subcommittee to discuss the commission's ideas about a final FCC ruling that would lift the restrictions on CATV. For five years the FCC has played a stop-and-go game with the new industry, which is eager to get going in a big, competitive way against its entrenched opponent, the present dominant, over-the-air broadcasting system.

In the rumor-heated capital it was generally expected that the commission was ready to draft a rule, discuss it, and vote. Dean Burch had announced publicly that he hoped to have the rule-making report and order out by the end of May. The chairman, soon after taking his post, had firmly announced his intention to break the CATV log jam. He had held innovative, exhaustive hearings on the subject, during which every constituency and interest had been given a chance to state its position. This, most observers anticipated, was it: They reckoned without the powerful forces—including Congress, the broadcasting industry, and even the White House—that continually taint the regulatory agency process with political and big-money considerations extraneous to the merits of the issues.

In theory, Congress is supposed to pass a statute that sets broad standards for a regulatory agency and then permit the agency to exercise independently its expertise and judgment in reaching decisions. It is understood that Congress has the power to intervene in a rule-making process after the commission has announced its rule. Indeed, the FCC was prepared to rule and set a "long trigger" on its decision, six to nine months before it would take effect, in order to permit the Congress, if it wished, to pass a resolution stopping the FCC action or to legislate the issue itself. Congress is not obligated to renounce its ultimate power over its own regulatory creature, but is obliged, in theory, to stay away from the decision-making process, just as it stays away from an adjudicatory matter, while such a decision is being hammered out in an agency.

The real scenario is different, however. In the CATV issue, as in others, Congress has persistently intervened in the rule-making process, and, in practically every case, the FCC has obediently knuckled under. Indeed, Senator Pastore had previously warned the commission publicly that he expected the FCC to do nothing final without Congressional oversight and review. When it was bruited about in the capital that the FCC was prepared to act, the broadcasters' lobby began to pressure Congressmen to intervene. The CATV interests, naturally, were also doing their own pressuring, but the clout of this new industry—which does not yet control the politicians' access to their constituents over television and radio—has been overwhelmed by the influence of the over-the-air broadcasters. Insiders in Washington assert that the White House has joined the delay-CATV act. *The Wall Street Journal* recently speculated that the President is leaning toward the broadcasters' interests, while at the same time it suggested that the broadcasters may not fare as well if they incur the administration's displeasure. One Washington official implied that such an ambivalent course could help draw campaign contributions from both parties in the 1972 elections.

The alliances are complex. Why should Senators Pastore and Magnuson, both Democrats, go along with a Republican strategy in delaying CATV? Their summons to the FCC may be intended to countervail the Republicans. On the other hand, Senator Pastore has always been a ready ally of the broadcasters. It was he who introduced the ill-fated S. 2004 bill, which, if it had passed, would have given the broadcasters, in effect, permanent possession of their licenses. The motives of the wheelers and dealers are mysterious, perhaps fathomless. Transcending party lines, big government and big broadcasting may understand each other clearly. What many Congressmen and the administration want from the broadcasters are freedom from criticism (a subject touched upon frequently by Vice President Agnew) and easy access to the coveted communication channels commanded by the broadcasters. In return, the politicians are prepared to protect the broadcasters from new, competitive information-distribution systems or to delay the entry of the latter into the supposedly open market as long as possible.

It took pay-TV almost twenty years to get past the gatekeepers, and even then only a ghost image of its potential survived. The up-front rhetoric of the Congressional interveners in the regulatory process is familiar: The integration of the new systems must proceed cautiously so as not to damage "free" broadcasting; the interests and equity of the public and the broadcasters must be protected; etc. The Senator from Rhode Island may give the lie to his detractors. He may merely give the FCC a stern lecture (he's a whiz at stern lectures) and then let the commission go about its rule-making. Or he may pronounce the matter to be serious and consider holding further hearings in the fall. CATV has been virtually embalmed with hearings.

No one really knows the final outcome, but the drama bears watching. If CATV is further delayed, temporarily or eventually out of significant existence, the public can at least have the dubious satisfaction of knowing that it was the little old FCC that froze the corpse. For if the FCC had any guts, it could point to the theory of the independent behavior of a regulatory agency and say: "You, the Congress, has laid upon us the responsibility to investigate, to weigh alternatives, and to make a judgment. We propose to make it. If you wish to review, even to overturn our judgment, that is your privilege. But do not call men to your tasks and then treat them as children. Enough of your discussions. The rules of the game call for us to rule. We have ruled. Now, gentlemen of the Congress, do the rules rule you or do you rule the rules? End of dream.

Counter-criticism by America's most challenging television critic

OPEN TO CRITICISM

by Robert Lewis Shayon
Saturday Review
TV-Radio editor

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Why Enforced Work Won't Work in Welfare

by ALVIN L. SCHORR

BLAMING THE VICTIM

by William Ryan

Pantheon, 299 pp., $6.95

REGULATING THE POOR: The Functions of Public Welfare

by Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward

Pantheon, 389 pp., $10

Very little that is fundamentally wrong in our approach to welfare is new. Legislatures have been enacting "radical" reforms for a hundred years, the most recent in 1962 and 1967. Not many present-day reformers have had sufficient respect for the issue to wonder why solutions have solved so little and why those proposed to Congress are truncated and undermined before they are adopted. So it is a hopeful sign, intellectually if not politically, that two new books inquire about the tough, underlying problems; and it is fortunate that they complement each other. Before discussing them, however, I should explain why welfare reform now finds itself at a dead end.

During the Presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt, when the welfare state was rising from the ashes of Social Darwinism, we developed a social security strategy. We identified what appeared to be major risks to income —old age, disability, widowhood, being orphaned or unemployed—and devised a program to modify the financial deprivation suffered thereby. Welfare was supposed to deal only with miscellaneous people who fell between the cracks of the basic hazards. (In addition, therefore, to asking about age or other detriments to earning power, welfare typically must ask how adequate are a family's resources.) The strategy has worked fairly well. For example, although social security in principle does not inquire about need, more than half the money paid out goes to people who have little or no other source of support.

This system has been under attack in the United States for some time. A number of economists and private insurance companies have argued that social security benefits should be more closely related to what people contribute; the effect is that those who have more get more. That means that those who paid in less would have to seek welfare, which, the argument continues, should be reformed anyway. In fact, three out of five aged recipients already use welfare to supplement insufficient social security, a proportion that has been steadily rising.

The battle has lately been joined by poverty warriors who, impatient with outdated, failed strategies, want a new comprehensive program. Therefore, they ignore earlier social security methods and the possibility of adding to them and concentrate on such unlikely goals as a guaranteed minimum income of $6,500 a year. Meanwhile, public relief costs continue to grow, demonstrating that the welfare program is no longer merely for people who don't qualify for social security benefits. It is becoming the basic antipoverty policy, allowing our extensive system of social security to be tuned more delicately to the needs of those who are less impoverished. The earlier social security strategy is not holy; if the system is being revised without wide public awareness, other countries are openly debating such a change.

ALVIN L. SCHORR, dean of the Graduate School of Social Work, New York University, is the author of *Explorations in Social Policy* and *Poor Kids: A Report on Children in Poverty*.

SR: BOOKS

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However, the alternative that we have seized upon—the single new format that would wipe out poverty—contains dilemmas that are bound to defeat liberal reform. These limitations, intuitively grasped, may explain why the welfare reform that liberals hoped to make one step toward what *they* desire emerged from a conservative administration. In the objectives of a single large program there is unavoidable conflict. For example, one aim is to encourage people to work, and a simple way has been proposed to do that: let those who work retain some significant portion of increased income. For purposes of computing a welfare payment, one would disregard a stipulated percentage of family income. But if families with no income are to be assured as much as $4,500 a year (since enough to live on is a second goal) and if half a wage-earner's salary may be disregarded, welfare payments will be going to families with close to $9,000 income. It is hard to believe that Congress would permit that—almost 50 per cent of all families would wind up on relief! Obviously, some ceiling on the income of those who may receive welfare is a third objective.

Perhaps one should reduce the portion of earnings that a man can retain, but how little benefit is still an incentive? Perhaps one should lower the minimum that families theoretically could live on, but how little is enough? Some players of this welfare game see families living on only $1,600 a year, an amount suggested by the President's Family Assistance Program. The President's Commission on Income Maintenance Programs recommends a relief plan that would make payments to two out of five Americans, while the bill now before Congress contains an incentive that would allow a worker to keep only one dollar out of every three he earns, a provision that has been law since 1967. After the arithmetic is done and Congress has had its way, the conflict over incentive, adequacy, and a ceiling on income will have led to unsatisfactory treatment of all objectives. In particular, it can confidently be assumed that the minimum income will be low.

The difference between welfare levels and prevailing wages presents a parallel problem. So long as welfare recipients are unable to work, few worry if they get as much money as a full-time worker. But when they are considered employable, it seems unfair that people with jobs should get no more, and there is concern that the latter might quit and collect welfare. (The conflict already noted prevents an incentive formula sufficiently strong to quiet this anxiety.) Furthermore, a national program should provide more or less the same level of assistance across the country. But wage levels vary widely; the Senator from Louisiana opposes a welfare level keyed to wages in New York, and vice versa; thus a national program tends to be limited to people with the lowest incomes.

So we have backed ourselves into a blind alley. We have started to move away from a social security concept that would prevent poverty—a course that in turn swells the number of people who need relief. We have set out to deal with poverty everywhere through a single program that lacks solutions for its dilemmas. It would only resolve problems at the lowest common denominator—meager payment levels and only the poorest invited. As our patience with major social ills is traditionally short—we gave four years to eradicating poverty; welfare reform is to have but two—the poor will have to suffer the consequences until we take up the problem again.

In the interim, apart from inadequate relief checks, recipients will be treated badly precisely because they will be consigned to a program limited to the most impoverished. They will wait in queues, they will be ordered about, and they will suffer endless discourtesies. The issue is larger than welfare reform. A chief difference between the Kennedy and the Nixon administration's health insurance proposals, for example, is whether there shall be a single health program for all Americans or one for those who are poor and another for those who are not. Shabby treatment of the needy is common in public housing, public assistance, clinics for the poor, and other programs devised for and limited to them.

In *Blaming the Victim*, William Ryan illuminates the mechanism by which we justify and extend such mistreatment. And, as many fresh insights are, his thesis is simple. The crude principle of the survival of the fittest is no longer acceptable in an affluent country. We have turned to a more sophisticated version of Darwinism—that poverty creates for its victims a character or culture which in turn prevents their rising above it. This is a serviceable point of view for people who wish to feel enlightened while they justify their privileges. However, Ryan demonstrates how much more effectively the education of poor children is undermined by a school system's stereotypes than by "cultural deprivation"; how family pathology, in blacks or poor people of any color, flows from poverty and discrimination rather than the reverse. He exposes the "culture of poverty" for the pseudoanthropology that it is.

His book is angry, occasionally too angry, and it contains a good deal of sarcasm and overemphasis on some points. For example, although Ryan correctly criticizes Daniel P. Moynihan's views about black family pathology, he attacks his income strategy. Yet an income strategy, as opposed to therapy and social services, is exactly where the Ryan argument leads. To be sure, when one grasps the inherent insult in blaming the victim, under the guise of sympathy and social science, it is difficult to avoid anger. Blaming the victim leads to a way of dealing with poverty that Ryan calls exceptionalistic. That is, if the problem of poor people is *their* character and culture, they are pathological exceptions to the mainstream and require correction or treatment. The armamentarium of an exceptionalistic approach is naturally familiar to us—rehabilitation instead of money, job training instead of an economic policy that creates jobs, welfare programs limited

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

OH, BROTHER!

Match the characters in Column 1 with their brothers in Column 2 and their authors in Column 3. Our sibling fancier is Rebecca Burns Aldridge of Highlands, North Carolina. Answers on page 25.

A. Benjy ( )	1. Adam Bede	a. Brontë
B. Blifil ( )	2. Biff Loman	b. Dostoevsky
C. Catherine ( )	3. Dmitri Karamazov	c. Eliot
D. Happy ( )	4. George Primrose	d. Faulkner
E. Ivan ( )	5. Hindley Earnshaw	e. Fielding
F. Madeline ( )	6. Nikolai Rostov	f. Galsworthy
G. Natasha ( )	7. Quentin Compson	g. Goldsmith
H. Paul ( )	8. Roderick Usher	h. Lawrence
I. Seth ( )	9. Soames Forsyte	i. Miller
J. Sid ( )	10. Tom Jones	j. Poe
K. Sophia ( )	11. Tom Sawyer	k. Tolstoy
L. Winifred ( )	12. William Morel	l. Twain

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to poor people and designed for their improvement.

If, on the other hand, we perceived the problem as lodged in the functioning of our society, we would tend to a strategy that Ryan calls universalistic. We would adopt a social security plan to prevent or deal with identified risks. We would approach the problem of the working poor—largely families too big to manage on low wages—through a higher minimum wage and children's allowances rather than a new welfare program such as the President has proposed. We would correct inequities—substandard residential patterns and school systems—rather than people.

In Great Britain, where the alternative policies are called selectivity and universality, their distinction and implications have been understood for some time. Ryan performs a service in introducing them into general discussion here. As he points out, many who think of themselves as radical partisans of the poor merely demand more money for exceptionalistic policies. We are a Calvinist people; even the radicals among us must be attentive to implicit assumptions. Those who wish to wipe out poverty should grasp how well exceptionalism serves the status quo. Those who prefer to deal with poverty by treatment and correction should read Ryan and be sure that they can refute him.

Whereas Ryan's insights into the middle-class self-interest served by blaming the poor are psychological and moral, in *Regulating the Poor: The Functions of Public Welfare,* Piven and Cloward chart the operation of self-interest as an economic and political matter. (Curiously, it took two teachers of social work to write this first study of the economic functions of welfare.) The book is important and, like the Bible and Marcuse, to take examples at random, likely to influence and be referred to by many who will not read it through. The authors argue that welfare programs are not philanthropic; rather, they are intended to control social unrest and to enforce work at low wages.

They start with the premise that work in our society is essential and is regulated by a market system of pressures and incentives. Although effective over the long run, the system is characterized by crises resulting from population movements, depressions, and technological advances. Welfare programs do not expand simply in response to growing wealth, nor do they even expand directly in response to enlarged unemployment. Welfare programs expand when it is necessary to moderate social unrest; severe unem-

(*Continued on page* 60)

Ogden Nash: A Memoir

I FIRST MET Ogden Nash at the beginning of 1927, when I joined him in the advertising department of Doubleday. For two years we commuted together; we took the 7:49 train from Penn Station and faced each other all day across two desks at Garden City. After we became well acquainted, he got into the habit of occasionally tossing me a bit of folded yellow paper that, being opened, was found to contain a verse of the kind that was to make him famous. Some of them appeared in his first book, *Hard Lines.*

We were young together, both in our early twenties. It was the era of the ignoble experiment, and we ignored the law in each other's society more than once. We used to go to Yankee Stadium to see Babe Ruth in his greatest year and the Yankees in theirs. In May we drove to Mineola and saw *The Spirit of St. Louis* a few days before her pilot took off for Paris. During the Presidential campaign of 1928 both of us were enthusiastically for Al Smith, and, as I recall it, we were as much surprised as disappointed when Hoover swamped him.

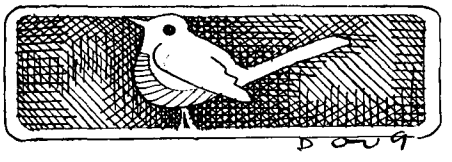
Ogden was invariably entertaining to be with, as spontaneous in conversation as in those verses that I was not bright enough to recognize as more than unconsidered trifles; nor did I guess where his inexhaustible spontaneity was leading him. Between verses and asking me questions like "Do you remember the names of Happy Hooligan's nephews?" (I did and do), he was a first-class copywriter. I remember a headline he wrote for an ad when *The Plutocrat* by Booth Tarkington was riding high on the best-seller lists: "First in New York, First in Chicago, and First in the Hearts of His Countrymen." One of the Doubleday vice presidents, a benign elderly gentleman, was a bit scandalized. Ogden could have had a successful career in advertising, but his celebrated first published poem made it clear that he did not want to sit in an office at 244 Madison Avenue or anywhere else.

Ogden Nash was not the only writer who could make frivolity immortal. But he was unique—not at all like Gilbert or Lear or Lewis Carroll, still less like his immediate predecessors in America: Dorothy Parker, Margaret Fishback, F. P. A. By the same token, he was and remains inimitable—easy to imitate badly, impossible to imitate well. He was quite aware of this, though at the same time he was an objective and infallible critic of his own stuff. To his friends he would speak his mind, but never with the intention of being overheard. He was incapable of hurting the feelings of a fellow creature. In the forty-four years of our friendship I never saw him lose his temper, or even give a sign that he had a temper to lose. He was a gentleman.

An opinionated gentleman, to be sure. His opinions were the essence of his verse; so were his extremely acute observations. He was by no means all frivolity. As a close friend of mine, who I think did not know him, wrote me when he died, "Something important has gone . . . that special understanding of what we are." Ogden Nash was a sane man, in a world considerably less sane than he was. He should have died hereafter—surely he had in him ten more good years to combine the separate springs of wit and humor into the single stream whose rapids he had such fun riding.

In recent years I saw less of him, since we lived over a hundred miles apart, but we never lost touch. Occasionally we would meet for lunch in New York, or something would come up that led to a brisk correspondence. Still, we were young together. In one of his early poems, a serious one called "The Old Man," he wrote, "The old men know when an old man dies." As far as I am concerned, Ogden was always young, and always will be.

—GEORGE STEVENS.



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THE MARQUIS DE CUSTINE AND HIS RUSSIA IN 1839

by George F. Kennan

Princeton, 145 pp., $6

Reviewed by Robert K. Massie

■ When I first heard that George F. Kennan had written this book, I was irritated. Four years ago, having brought his *Memoirs* up to the year 1950, he supposedly went back to Princeton to concentrate on volume two. All this time I assumed he was hard at work, devoting the splendid Kennan style to an account of his years as ambassador in Moscow and Belgrade and perhaps even his service as friend and counselor to the newly arrived Svetlana Alliluyeva. Instead, out pops this little commentary on a nineteenth-century French writer and his four volumes of observations and impressions of Russia in the summer of 1839.

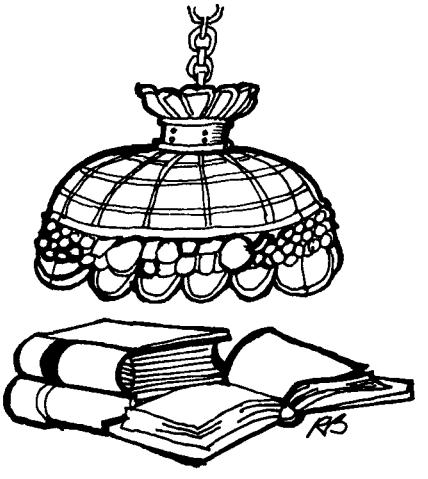
What is Kennan up to? Is it a waste of his time? Of ours? In its opening chapters, this "monograph," as the author describes it, sticks to what historians (including, I'm afraid, Kennan himself) call "the well-marked path" of traditional investigation and scholarly narrative, broken only by an occasional sedate pause for a quiet academic chuckle. But the book develops into something quite different, something far more interesting and significant. Kennan, it turns out, has been reading and marveling over Custine for years. And not only Kennan, but at least two other recent American ambassadors to the Soviet Union and their wives have found in Custine's work a perceptive depiction of the dark underside of Russian life and an astonishingly accurate prophecy of the nightmare of Stalin. What makes his travels important today is not what he wrote but what Kennan, the dean—indeed, the high priest—of American Sovietologists, endorses. And since, when describing Russia, both men write brilliantly, achieving a graceful interplay of strong, original ideas with immensely rich vocabularies, Kennan's book is a joy to read.

His father and grandfather having been guillotined during the French Revolution, Custine was brought up by his mother, a famous beauty. He married and had a son, but both his wife and child died early. Custine then gave himself up to his overwhelming homosexual impulses and spent the rest of his life with a devoted Englishman, Edward St. Barbe. Ambitious only for recognition as a writer (a *demi-homme de lettres*, he was called), he was encouraged by Balzac to attempt a travel book about Russia. In July 1839 Custine took a boat for Petersburg, was received by the Emperor, Nicholas I, and traveled on to Moscow, Yaroslavl, and Nizhni Novgorod. Despite a sheaf of letters of introduction, he was snubbed by Russian society because of his questionable reputation.

Two and a half months later, Custine left the country, despising the Russians. He hated the absolute power of the Tsar, unmodified by the wise, restraining effect of an independent aristocracy, and was revolted by the nobility, which aped Western manners and fawned on those above them while mercilessly crushing the masses beneath. The guardedness of speech, the suppression of truth that seemed to pervade Russian life, appalled him and, on behalf of the ancient, corrupt civilization of the West, he feared the Russian menace. To expiate his own "debasing submission," Custine wrote, "the slave, sunk to his knees, dreams of world domination."

When his book appeared in 1843, it was a sensation. The Russians were outraged; the Tsar is said to have hurled the book away, groaning, "I am alone to blame; I encouraged and patronized the visit of this scoundrel." Custine's critics pointed with triumphant glee to the errors studding its pages. All of which Kennan admits. "In the factual sense," the book was "dreadfully and almost shamefully inaccurate," and Custine was certainly not a normal tourist. "This visit to Russia was, obviously, an unhappy experience, endured by a twisted, oversensitive man, to whose esthetic and physical sensibilities the Russia of that day was generally offensive, and to whose delicate psychic constitution, already chafed and tender from personal misfortune of long standing, it was nothing other than sinister and abhorrent."

This being so, why did Kennan interrupt his memoirs to deal with Custine? Because, he explains, if it was not a very good book about the Russia of Nicholas I, "it was an excellent book, probably in fact the best of books, about the Russia of Joseph Stalin, and not a bad book about the Russia of Brezhnev and Kosygin." This electrifying statement is the crux of Kennan's thesis. He is declaring that the best book on the Soviet Union was written 132 years ago. "Here," explains Kennan, "as though the book had been written yesterday (but in better and more striking language than most of us today would be able to command), appear all the familiar features of Stalinism: the absolute power of a single man; his power over thoughts as well as actions; . . . the frantic fear of foreign observation; the obsession with espionage; . . . the tendency to rewrite the past."



How, he asks, did Custine manage this eerie, Nostradamus-like prophecy? The answer provided for me the most interesting paragraphs of the book. Custine saw the future by missing half of the present. He recognized the black side of the Russian character and tradition but he failed to appreciate the emerging liberalism and to understand the success it would have in mellowing the autocracy.

> In those seventy-five years that were to elapse before the outbreak of the Russian Revolution [writes Kennan], enormous changes would be brought about . . . under the pressure of liberal impulses. . . . Serfdom would be abolished. . . . A foundation would be laid for the development of proper organs of local self-government. . . . The judicial system would be reformed. Extensive civil rights would be established. A promising program of universal primary education would be undertaken, and in impressive degree completed. Eventually, even a [limited] parliament would be established. . . . And on top of all this, Russian culture —particularly literature, music, and the drama, but also science and intellectual life generally—would flourish as never before and never since. . . .

But what happened to this liberal Russia, whose budding Custine failed to note, whose survival would have condemned his book to elegant mustiness but whose extinction in 1917 has surrounded his work with the glow of uncanny foresight? What, in short, caused the Russian Revolution? Kennan says it was "a curious and tragic conjunction of circumstances," and continues, "Now, it is a reasonable view (this writer, among others, adheres to it) that [it] was fortuitous, insofar as it was the product of a number of factors in the sudden coming-together of which no logical pattern can be discerned. One can think of a number of individual circumstances any one of which might very easily, but for the hand of chance, have been quite differ-

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ent than it actually was—and different in such a way as to obviate the second Russian Revolution of 1917, if not the first [earlier in the year]. Had this happened, it is conceivable that the advance of Russia along liberal-democratic lines might have continued successfully, with the features of Custine's nightmare receding even further into the past. . . . "

But chance did intervene, the 1917 revolution took place, Stalin sat in the Kremlin for thirty years, and during that time the darkest side of the Russian character, which Custine glimpsed in the summer of 1839, burst into terrible flower.

Why did all this happen? To read this small and brilliant book is to ponder, once again, this gigantic, unanswerable question.

Robert K. Massie, the author of "Nicholas and Alexandra," is now writing a biography of Peter the Great.

THE BLACK YEARS OF SOVIET JEWRY

by Yehoshua A. Gilboa

Little, Brown, 418 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Leonid Rigerman

■ Beginning with the Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939 and ending with the Soviet dictator's death in March 1953, Yehoshua A. Gilboa attempts in this book to explain the weird logic of events in a bloody chapter of Jewish history. He chronicles the mass slaughter of millions of Jews in Nazi death camps and on German-occupied territory—an inferno rightly termed the "Holocaust." Thousands of Jews who escaped to Russia after her entry into the war were turned back by Stalin; many more were detained and then perished in the vast Soviet prison-camp system. And numerous Jewish leaders were liquidated. The author traces in detail Stalin's policy of using Russian Jews to solicit financial and military help from abroad and to mobilize world opinion against Hitler. The Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee, which he set up, made an important contribution to the Soviet attempt to crush Hitler. But the reward was in the Stalin manner: all members of the committee, with the exception of the writer Ilya Ehrenburg, were either imprisoned or killed.

In 1948 the Russian Jews were again subjected to horrors. The actor-director Solomon Mikhoels was assassinated on January 13. The Jewish theater was closed, and Yiddish publications were shut down. A stream of victims poured into the prison camps. On August 12, 1952, twenty-four well-known novelists, poets, playwrights, and cultural leaders were executed. Scattered throughout the vast Soviet empire are the anonymous graves of many others who met their tragic deaths in obscurity.

"Keep going. We'll need another twenty feet!"

At this point, when Stalin's crimes were reaching their apogee, his sanity was approaching its nadir. The Doctors' Plot (allegedly a conspiracy to murder prominent political figures) was fabricated as a pretext for exiling masses of Soviet Jews to Siberia and their eventual doom. The genocide contrived by one deranged tyrant was enlarged by another.

The Jewish community in Russia lived in dread and suspense. Dormant predatory instincts were stirring in those human scavengers among whom the Premier recruited his most bloodthirsty henchmen. Then Stalin died. Mr. Gilboa does not suggest that the tragedy of the Jews thereupon ended. A sickening legacy is evident in the policies of Stalin's heirs.

Soviet leaders have tried to relegate to oblivion, to consign to the Orwellian "memory hole," the crimes against Jewish people during those terrible years. In 1955 the writer Boris Polevoy, who is now on the board of directors of the European Society of Culture, told an inquiring American audience that just a few days before he had had a conversation with the Jewish poet Leib Kvitko and that the latter was well and working hard. This talk must have taken place somewhere in Siberia, in a grave marked 1952—one roomy enough to accommodate the dead poet, the imaginative Polevoy, and perhaps a typewriter.

Blame for the Soviet persecution of the Jews is now being shifted, by innuendo, to the victims themselves. As part of an attempt to expunge the Soviet-German "love affair" of 1939-41, Soviet propaganda, calling the Jews "Zionists," accuses them of collaborating with the Nazis during the last war!

The Black Years of Soviet Jewry is by no means the final word on this era. Many answers are still hidden in Russian archives. Perhaps they do not exist even there: criminals do not like to leave incriminating evidence. But the facts of this immense crime are slowly coming to light. Little details, such as reported conversations between Mikhoels and Chaim Weizmann in New York in 1943, which might have triggered Stalin's execution of the actor, or testi-

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mony by Svetlana Alliluyeva about his instructions to disguise Mikhoels's murder as an accident, are appearing only now and, understandably, are missing from Mr. Gilboa's book.

But it is so far the best of the attempts to reveal what happened to the Jewish people in Stalin's time. *The Black Years of Soviet Jewry* will be an important source for historians, and it will also help to explain to citizens of the non-Soviet world why so many Russian Jews yearn to leave the hostile land of their birth for the promised land—Israel. I greatly recommend this book.

Leonid Rigerman is a Jewish physicist who left Russia in February 1971. He will start his study of Soviet law research at Columbia University next fall.

THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF JESUS

by Haim Cohn

Harper & Row, 419 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Ellis Rivkin

■ The crucifixion of Jesus has been a heavy cross for Jews to carry. They were denounced in the New Testament for their role in the trial and death of Jesus, and no matter how ecumenicists strain to absolve them, the Gospels, as primordial sources of Christian faith, still link Jesus' betrayal to Jewish perfidy. The Jews stand perennially condemned.

Jewish agony over this verdict has so pained biblical scholars that many in their explications have described the Gospels as tendentious, more fanatical than factual. Haim Cohn, a distinguished justice of the Supreme Court of Israel, strives mightily in this book to transfer the responsibility from Jewish to Roman shoulders. His labors are impressive and his solution neat. Cohn avers that the Jews had nothing to do with the crucifixion. He brushes aside the doctrinal clashes between Jesus and the scribes and Pharisees, treating them as pleasant academic discussions, free of acrimonious debate. The driving of the money-changers from the temple, he asserts, met with the high priest's approval as a long overdue reprimand for cheating, fraud, and pious deception. And Judas's treachery is fiction. Jesus was loved by the Jews, not hated. So much so, in fact, that Caiaphas, the Sadducee high priest—a Roman appointee and a wealthy aristocrat—did not dare to arouse their anger by turning over so venerated a Jewish teacher to the Romans. Instead

(*Continued on page* 61)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Mislabeled

IN HIS REVIEW of William Gass [*SR*, May 29], Brom Weber refers to Ludwig Wittgenstein as "the late Anglo-German philosopher."

Wittgenstein wrote his work in German, but he was born in Vienna, served with the Austrian Army in World War I, taught school in Vienna and lower Austria after the war, and entered a monastary (as a gardener's assistant) near Vienna for a brief period. He gave up his Austrian citizenship while in England as a result of the Anschluss; he refused to be considered a "German."

And, to pile Pelion upon Ossa, he worked with Moritz Schlick in founding and nurturing the Vienna Circle, a most eminent school in contemporary philosophy.

To label him as "Anglo-German" is most inappropriate.

IRVING LEVITAS,
New York, N.Y.

Silent Performer

AS ALARMED AS Professor Alfred Kazin may be about the sophistication of young professors [*SR*, May 22], it is hard not to be equally alarmed about his own ignorance, especially in dismissing the polyartist John Cage as a musician "whose well-known ability to sit publicly at a piano and *not* play anything is the greatest comic act in the music business. . . ." It appears that Kazin is referring to Cage's so-called "silent piece," officially entitled *4'33"* (1952); and, as everyone present at its two performances in the Fifties or even familiar with the abundant secondary literature clearly knows, *4'33"* was performed not by Cage himself but by the pianist David Tudor. And it was not especially funny at the time, although Cage himself often is. He is also a more serious figure than Kazin's flippant and ultimately philistine remark suggests. While professors usually know what they are talking about, the illiteracy of "the literati" remains, I fear, a continuing curse.

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ,
New York, N.Y.

Right On—and Off

BERNARD F. DICK, in his review of Mark Musa's translation of the *Inferno* [*SR*, May 22], commented that "The Ideal *Inferno* should combine a poet's feeling for language with a scholar's sensitivity to the text." Happily, this wonderful synthesis is also manifested in the review. Right on, Professor Dick!

JOHN J. JASINSKI,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

YOUR REVIEWER SINGLES out as "original" Musa's suggestion that Pontius Pilate was the one who made "the great refusal." H. R. Huse made this interpretation in his admirably lucid version some years ago (Rinehart, 1954).

WILLIAM MYER,
Alliance, 0.

Gossip and Rehash

CHARLES MILLER'S REVIEW of Richard West's *Back to Africa* and Charles Morrow Wilson's *Liberia* [*SR*, May 15] is unpenetrating.

West's book is a yellow press, gossipy interpretative history based on secondary sources. West interprets his gossip to show that Africans, at least in Liberia and Sierra Leone, are unable to rule themselves. Why didn't Miller attack this biased and unfounded interpretation? Why did he add more derogatory comments not found in the book like "Sierra Leone and Liberia have degenerated into Amos 'n' Andy banana republics that almost seem to beg for ridicule"?

Wilson's book, *Liberia*, is a rehash of an earlier book also called *Liberia* by the same author published in 1947. Many of the sentences, paragraphs, whole chapters, graphs, and pictures are identical. Why is the American public again served with this out-of-date analysis of tribal medicine and talking drums?

Yet at the same time *SR* has made no mention of the best recently published book on Liberian history—Dr. C. Abayomi Cassell's *Liberia: History of the First African Republic* (Fountainhead, $10).

DAVID ZAREMBKA,
St. Louis, Mo.

Not the Gospel Truth

I HAVE JUST read Samuel Sandmel's review of *Jesus and Israel* and *The Star of Redemption* [*SR*, Apr. 10]. It is distressing to see the reviewer, by inference, support a stupid myth in the name of intellectual inquiry. It needs to be stated unequivocally that there is not one shred of anti-Semitism in the Gospels or the entire New Testament! Mary, the blessed mother of Jesus, Jesus, all his disciples, the entire church in Jerusalem, and the first Christian converts, in the days of the apostle Paul, were all Jews. The fact that Jesus was a member of the tribe of Judah was a keystone to the proclamation that he was the Messiah.

It is a fact that Jesus was crucified at the instigation of some influential Jews. But the Gospels make it quite plain that they denied the principles of their religion in doing so. Jesus severely attacked many of the scribes and Pharisees of his day not because of their Judaism, but due to their lack of it. He condemned them for being Jews outwardly, but not in their hearts. Anyone who reads anti-Semitism into such an approach is hopelessly blind.

FOSTER SHANNON,
San Jose, Calif.

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BOUND TO VIOLENCE

by Yambo Ouologuem
translated from the French by Ralph Manheim

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 182 pp.. $5.95

THIS EARTH, MY BROTHER: An Allegorical Tale of Africa

by Kofi Awoonor

Doubleday, 232 pp., $5.95

THE WANDERERS

by Ezekiel Mphahlele

Macmillan, 351 pp., $6.95

NEW AFRICAN LITERATURE AND THE ARTS 2

edited by Joseph Okpaku

Crowell, 251 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Emile Snyder

■ For the last twenty years novels written by African writers, in French or in English, have received hardly more than a passing accolade from the critics. Indeed, they are still largely ignored by the general public. Amos Tutuola's *The Palm Wine Drinkard* (1953), which ushered in the era of the modern Nigerian novel, caused enough of a stir to prompt an essay by Dylan Thomas. In Paris *The Dark Child* (1953) (*L'Enfant Noir*), by the Guinean novelist Camara Laye, was awarded the peripheral Charles Veillon prize. Yet none of the novels that have followed these two works earned the notoriety of *Bound to Violence*. Yambo Ouologuem's novel (*Le Devoir de Violence* in the original) won the coveted Prix Renaudot in 1968 and now appears in America in a splendid translation by Ralph Manheim. The book is so masterfully written that it seems to have shattered the usually patronizing attitude of critics to African literature. Moreover, it came at the right time—in an age obsessed with violence.

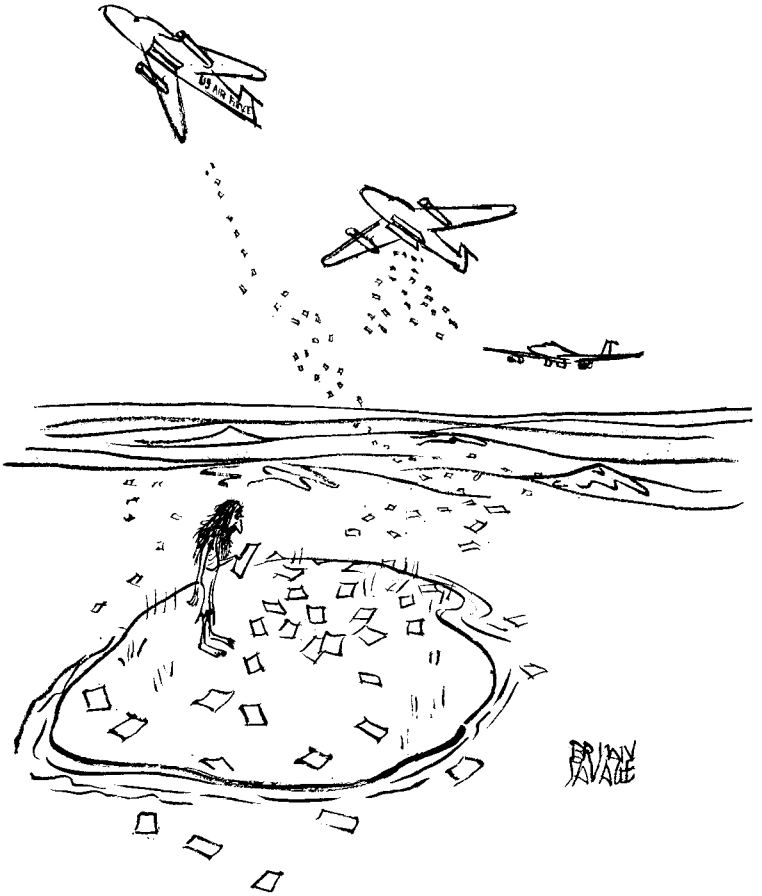
Thematically the novel transcends the now almost shopworn subjects of European colonialism and the resurrection of an idealized African past. In bold epic strokes some 800 years of violent history on the African continent are delineated, and it is a *nasty* novel.

Mixing tones and genres, Ouologuem drenches in blood the memory of ancient African kingdoms. The modern hero, Raymond-Spartacus Kassoumi, descendant of former African slaves who since the thirteenth century bowed down and died under the ruthless colonialism of first the Arabs and then the French, is forever bound to violence. His degrees (intended to help him play a political role in his now independent country) appear inadequate against a long tradition of duplicity, murder, and opportunism. In debunking the past the author also anticipates similarly ruthless and unstable years. Whether or not one accepts Ouologuem's projection, he is entitled to his nihilistic vision. What matters is the dramatic cohesion he provides through an epic scope and almost arrogant control of language.

With absolute mastery Ouologuem paraphrases the lyricism of the sacred Moslem texts, the flat tone of travelers' accounts, the gruesomeness of the anecdotes of the African troubadors. Yet the prevading tenor of the novel is irony. Although this provides spice, the author is at times heavy-handed, as in his biting parody of the German anthropologist Fritz Shrobenius (Leo Frobenius, the ethnologist and explorer), who "was determined to find metaphysical meaning in everything, even in the shape of the palaver tree under which the notables met to chat." And I must confess to some squeamishness. The accumulation of minutely described horrors (pregnant women disemboweled, children torn apart, etc.), the unrelieved evil of almost all of the characters, the recurring scenes of erotica—rare in modern African literature—begin to appear gratuitous, aimed at satisfying the penchants of as wide a buying public as possible.

Kofi Awoonor, a Ghanaian, has already acquired a reputation as a poet. With *This Earth, My Brother* he makes his debut as a novelist. It is obvious that he has brought all his poetic resources to bear in this novel, which echoes many of the obsessive themes of his poems. The story describes the pain of Awoonor's voluntary exile (for many years he was managing director of the Ghana Film Corporation) and his spiritual return to his native land. Like his hero, the young lawyer Amamu, Awoonor tries to come to terms in this novel with the conflicting realities of independence. He presents the dilemma of those few African intellectuals who refuse to be self-satisfied about their newly gained status and the material possessions that accompany it, who ask themselves of what use is statehood if colonial injustices are replaced by political opportunism and social inequities? Amamu cynically acknowledges this unwanted privilege when he is stopped by a policeman while driving his car:

> Where is your number plate?
> Oh, I just learned it's missing and . . .
> So. And why haven't you fixed it?
> I am on my way from Cape Coast.
> But you could have fixed it.



"Surrender! Your cause is hopeless!"

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How do I do it? I said I am on my way from . . .
But you could have tied it with a rope.
That is a brilliantly stupid idea.
What, you talk to me like that? Bring your license.
He pulled out his license from his glove compartment, and gave it to the policeman. He studied it slowly. Then it all dawned on him. He was a lawyer!
Sir, I beg your pardon, sir, forgive, sir.
Next time be more careful.
Yes sir, lawyer, sir. Good-by, sir!

Gnawed by the futility of his life, torn between the tedium of a bourgeois marriage and the unreality of an affair, constantly faced with the contrast between the arrogant Western section of Accra and the African inner city of the Nima district, Amamu breaks down.

> The long nameless street winds through a collection of tin shacks, mud huts, dodging a fig tree here and there, taking a precarious bend at the entrance of the white mosque with its modest minaret. . . . Here vultures mingle with the customers and sellers, snatching offal from butchers' stalls and dashing off to the "refuse dumps" or to the roofs of the public latrines to devour their stolen goods with sad silent faces.

But, for all its social commentary, *This Earth, My Brother* is not a political novel. Politics have been minimized to point up the moral plight of the hero, and changed into a metaphysical confrontation. At the end, Amamu's frantic race to the seashore is an attempt to recover a unity with his soul. The sea woman who lures him, her lover, to her cavern, is Africa, but Africa is also the conflicting landscape of a butterfly field and the dunghill. Amamu's death must not be viewed in pessimistic terms. The final abandonment into the sea, a ritual of cleansing to the Ewe people, is articulated through a truly poetic language. In the face of dismal realities confronting not only Africa but the whole world, Awoonor clings to the necessity of a unifying vision. He envisages his function as a bearer of a terrible truth. *This Earth, My Brother,* fusing the language of history and of poetry, represents one of the most significant attempts in any literature today to reconcile man with himself.

Exile is also the theme of Ezekiel Mphahlele's *The Wanderers* but the resonances are quite different. Central to the plot is the obscene situation of apartheid in South Africa, its coercion of millions of Bantus, who live in abject servitude. And it is the retelling of the odyssey of black South Africans who have come out of their cherished land with remembered joys and bitterness. As he did in his earlier work about his childhood, *Down Second Avenue,* Mphahlele draws on personal experiences. The novel opens with the flight of Timi Tabane, a journalist on a prominent South African newspaper, whose life becomes unbearable. In the first section the author recalls a country conditioned by the violence inherent in apartheid.

> It was a land corroded by power. When you saw the outlying fields eroded, you knew that they had been abandoned because the young men had gone to the mines. When you saw village people scratch the surface of the soil for a living, you knew this was just another area of corrosion. When you saw the squalor near the cities, where black people lived, you knew the claws of power were right there. When you exchanged insults in the shops, you saw the white assistant on the other side of the counter as just another tentacle of power.

Mphahlele evokes the ordeal of the slave laborers at Glendale Farm, the denied privacy (passes that blacks must carry with them at all times), the ruthless killings (during the actual riots at Streuben-Dinokana).

After his departure from South Africa Timi seeks to build a meaningful life for himself and his family, initially in Nigeria and later in Kenya. But in vain. The simple fact of being African is no greater help to him than being a white European was in the Nazi era to the fleeing Jews looking for a country in which they felt at home. There is a universality in the condition of refugees—the difficulty of fitting into new social and economic structures, the psychological burden of being uprooted and dependent upon the host country. In addition, wherever Timi goes he discovers that attitudes haven't changed much with independence. Neocolonialism expresses itself in the presence of intransigent European expatriates, still in control, and of Africans who have replaced many of them but who perpetuate the same value system.

As a journalist Timi clashes with others in his profession, with Jakande, the patronizing editor of the *Daily Speaker,* and, as a teacher, with Miss Graves, who heads the English department at the university and who looks condescendingly upon his graduate credentials because they are those of an African and not of a British scholar. Mphahlele questions, in passing, the relevancy in independent Africa of educational systems based on British models. As Timi says, "After all, the government's education officers are British and they're interested in promoting exams that require a British education."

But, as with Awoonor's novel, *The Wanderers* thwarts one bent on reading only history in it. For Mphalele's project is to capture the length, breadth, and depth of African life. The conflict between traditional and modern society, between permanence and exile, is probed deeply in the last section of the book, where the author concentrates on the estrangement between Timi and his defiant son Felang. Timi worries about what children in exile can and cannot be taught, what African values can be instilled. He is trying, he reflects, "to understand the forces I feel inside me, the relevance of the teachings of my forebears and of the reverence I have for them . . . [although] they had control of their lives."

Mphahlele deliberately cultivates a "flat" prose so as to subordinate his anger to the materials at hand; yet *The Wanderers* is not without passionate and lyrical moments, sudden insights into the humanity of a writer who has been regarded as the most balanced literary critic of African literature and who now should be acknowledged as one of its most significant creators.

New African Literature and the Arts

Hyde Park Sunday

by Lucien Stryk

Suddenly the bronzed Spaniard,
Yellow bandanna on his forehead,
Left his companions with a leap—
Perfect somersault—then cartwheeled
Past the lovers on the grass.

The sprawlers gaped, on Speakers' Corner
There was silence, those angry men
Turned blessed, forgiving—
So much pure energy expended for nothing,
For absolutely nothing.

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2, edited by Joseph Okpaku, is a worthwhile though confusing book, standing midway between an anthology of new texts and a volume of critical essays. One could argue endlessly the relative merits of separate pieces. I, for one, would take exception to Donald J. Weinstock's essay, "Achebe's Christ-Figure," about Chinua Achebe's novel, *Things Fall Apart*, where he insists on reading Christian symbols in the personification of the young victim Ikemefuna, an interpretation not consistent with the Ibo perspective of the novel. And about the work of Jean Ikelle-Matiba, the Cameroonian poet, I am less enthusiastic than the able translator Paulette J. Trout, who calls him "one of the most versatile and gifted of the new generation of French-speaking African writers." The essay on the late David Diop (who before his untimely death in a plane crash was the most promising of the poets in this group) is excellent but the subject deserves longer analysis. Perhaps the real merit of this volume lies in the talented Okpaku, president and executive publisher of The Third Press in New York, one of the newest black-owned trade book houses. Okpaku's brief prose elegy on the death of his friend Christopher Okigbo, the brilliant Ibo poet killed in the Biafran war, his essays on Wole Soyinka (then in jail) and on the Biafran conflict in general, illuminate with great poignancy and candor the quandary that tore the collective conscience of the Nigerian people. Okpaku's plea that Nigerian intellectuals continue to articulate a humane vision is moving in its stark simplicity. And his statement on the Biafran conflict is justification enough for the purchase of this book.

> Nigeria, like the rest of Africa, needs her young and brilliant minds. The young intellectual, whether writer or engineer, should not and will not operate fully as a tool in the service of the establishment, be it foreign or indigenous. The young African will not invariably aspire to the expectations or demands of the big bosses. This is the cold and happy fact. This we must bear in mind as we prosecute the present crisis in order that those who have sacrificed their lives in the unfortunate service of their country shall not have done so in vain.

Emile Snyder, professor of French literature, comparative literature, and African literature, is the translator of Aimé Césaire's "Return to My Native Land" and author of numerous articles on African literature. A study of French-African writings by him, in collaboration with Michel Benamou, will be published by Houghton Mifflin next year.

THE BIRDS ON THE TREES

by Nina Bawden

Harper & Row, 194 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Cecile Shapiro

■ Nina Bawden's immensely readable novel, in subject matter typical of many published today and superior to most, takes as its core the charming and promising young son who suddenly —seemingly without warning—experiments with drugs, quits or is pushed out of school, frightens his parents immeasurably while he suffers at least as much as they and, finally, when the book ends, appears to be accelerating cautiously on a straighter, if still rather difficult, highway.

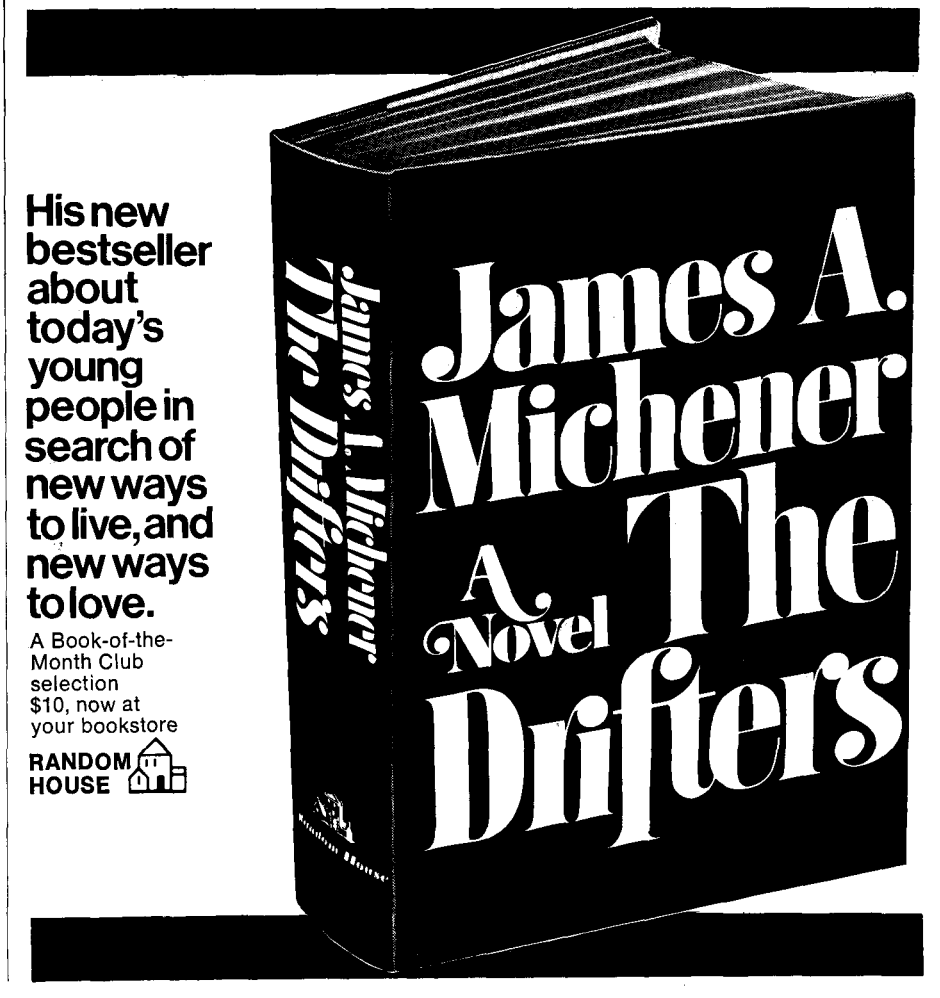
Mrs. Bawden has no thesis: she's not setting out to prove that young people are going to the dogs because (which current villains shall I choose for examples?) there's been a breakdown in morality or that life is too easy for young people or kids are forced to stay in school too long or because bad marriages produce bad children or—you name it. The author is observing life as she sees it, centering on an entirely believable middle-class family, with children who puzzle and dismay their parents, because these are the people she sees every day and these are the children who interest and baffle her, too. That she is English and the setting is the London suburbs won't disorient the American reader, for everything in the novel can and does happen here.

A wine catalogue on my desk lauds an unpretentious Bordeaux as "ideally suited for drinking day-in and day-out," and it reminds me of novels like this one. It is not condescension to say that *The Birds on the Trees* is the kind of book I am pleased to find on my night table—literate, with living characters and sufficient intellectual content to allow me to read relaxedly on into the night. If it doesn't reach the heights of a Château Lafite Rothschild 1961, no matter. Drinking a great wine of a great year calls for a more exalted mood, and most of us, most of the time, are unremittingly quotidian.

Cecile Shapiro is a book editor and free-lance critic.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

A7d (*Sound and the Fury*), B 10e, C5a (*Wuthering Heights*), D2i (*Death of a Salesman*), E3b, F8j, G6k (*War and Peace*), H 12h (*Sons and Lovers*), I 1 c, J 11 l, K4g (*Vicar of Wakefield*), L9f.


His new bestseller about today's young people in search of new ways to live, and new ways to love.
A Book-of-the-Month Club selection
$10, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE
James A. Michener
The Drifters
James A. Michener
A Novel
The Drifters

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On the Road

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

It was with some misgivings that I accepted an invitation to speak at the University of Southern Mississippi. What would the reaction in Hattiesburg be to a Northern liberal (whatever *that* is) talking on controversial books? To my surprise, mixed. Many people remarked how good it was to hear such things stated in public. It's true that one university official, who hadn't heard the talk, said he'd been told that I didn't believe children could grow up with a wholesome attitude about sex unless parents and children went about the house in the nude. Since I had not mentioned parents in the home, nude or clad (what I had said was that a child who is barred from ever seeing nudity in any book should be kept out of the Metropolitan Museum of Art), this was presumably a reaction to the defense in my talk of Maurice Sendak's *In the Night Kitchen* (*SR*, Dec. 19, 1970), an imaginative account of a boy's dream.

Several things in Hattiesburg impressed me. One was the apparently placid integration on the campus, another the extent of the collection of original work by children's book illustrators, and yet another the work of Mrs. Abby Rogers, who runs a program for educable retarded children within the public school system. Last year the classrooms were integrated when a black school was incorporated into the program and, while some white students were removed by their parents, others stayed. Now both staff and pupils are racially mixed, all on first-name terms. Many of the youngsters are blind, and the others are so eager to help them that they have to be pried off and assigned their turn. What's exciting is not the integration—that's a bonus—but the happy security and competence engendered by Mrs. Rogers and her staff.

A few weeks after that I was in Atlanta to introduce John Rowe Townsend, an English author and children's book editor of the Manchester *Guardian*, who gave the annual Arbuthnot Honor Lecture sponsored by Scott, Foresman. (He was great.) Emory and Atlanta universities were hosts for the lecture, so I was able to see what I'd only heard about: real integration. Not on boards and committees but in homes. And in Atlanta's most posh hotel, high school girls attending a formal dance, starry-eyed and giggling in the ladies' room. Black and white.

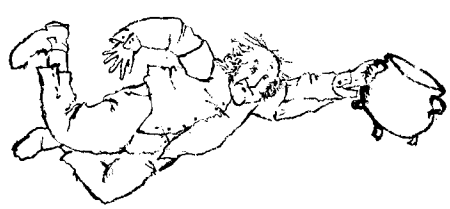
I spent an afternoon with Robert Burch, an author who is most knowledgeable about current books. He was finding it difficult to buy books he'd seen reviewed, although Atlanta has some good bookstores—one more indication of a shortcoming that is all too common. Who has not looked for children's books in a bookstore where the clerk has not got what you want, has never heard of it, doesn't know how to find it, or is dubious about ordering it? There are exceptions, but most of the sales personnel in children's book departments have no qualifications for their work. Why doesn't somebody start a training program? Not being able to find the book you want is one kind of frustration; another is watching a clerk "help" a customer who has no specific book in mind. A girl? Age ten? Well, there's *Little Women*. She has it? Oh. Well, now, this series is very popular. . . . Why doesn't somebody—

It's not just us, it's universal. In an article in Sweden's *Svensk Bokhandel*, Charlie Häfstrom, head of junior publications at Bonniers, points out that "good books need competent help at retail level." He also comments on "the debate on children's literature in one of the two big dailies," and notes that several of the debaters pleaded for cheap, expendable editions to compete with the attraction of strip cartoons.

Can you imagine a debate on children's literature given prominence in one of our important newspapers? Not an article on some aspect of the field or an essay in a special section, but heavy coverage in a major news medium? Would that it were so.

Lobo and Brewster. *By Gladys Yessayan Cretan. Illustrated by Patricia Coombs. Lothrop.* 32 pp. $3.75. Lobo is a small dog, slightly scruffy and totally beguiling, who is miffed when the family he has been protecting so faithfully by barking at monsters (the illustration shows a butterfly and a shadow) acquires a cat called Brewster. Lobo mopes but makes no hostile move. He sulks when they all play with the cat and rejoices when it disappears, but when Lobo's nose tells him the cat is in his food bin, he is forced to bark. Better a reappearance of Brewster than a depleted larder. The happy moment comes when Lobo extends a paw of friendship and, since the humans are too busy to play ball, Brewster is glad to oblige. Sweet but not saccharine, this is an appealing story for ages 3-5.

Can I Keep Him? *Written and illustrated by Steven Kellogg. Dial. 32 pp.* $4.50. In a diverting blend of realism and fantasy, a harried mother copes with her son's unquenchable hospitality. Arnold loves animals. "Mom, I found this dog sitting all by himself. Can I keep him?" No, the neighbors hate dogs. Arnold tries for a cat. Grandma's allergic. A fawn? A baby bear? A huge monster he has seen in Alaska? Finally, he asks if he can keep a smaller boy. Mom says he can play with him but not keep him. Arnold and his new friend return, and the friend mutely and hopefully holds up a large turtle. Some of the illustrations show the reality, some the imagined scenes, and they all have wit. Ages 4-6.



—From "Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Denmark"

The King's Fountain. *By Lloyd Alexander. Illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats. Dutton. 36 pp.* $5.95. Collaboration by a prizewinning pair (Newbery and National Book awards for the author, Caldecott for the artist) has produced a picture book with a story that has the flavor and theme of folklore and pictures that are dramatic and vibrant in color and composition. Once upon a time a king planned a fountain for his palace garden that would have cut off the water supply for those who lived in the town below. Neither the strong man, the sage, nor the silver-tongued tradesman would intercede, so the poor man who had asked their help went to the king himself. While the humorous gibes may not be clear to children ("The scholar wrote a long account of the matter in one of his books, and misplaced it.") the message that you cannot expect others to act for you will. Beautiful. Ages 5-8.

The Ringling Brothers. *By Molly Cone. Illustrated by James and Ruth McCrea. Crowell. 42 pp.* $3.75. All it took was one visit by a circus to the small town of McGregor, Iowa, and the Ringling brothers were smitten. They played, talked, and dreamed circus; they practiced tightrope-walking, juggling, clowning, and playing musical instruments. They'd get over it, their parents thought, but the boys knew what they wanted. Starting with a small amateur touring group, their circus grew and grew until it really did become the Greatest Show on Earth. The style is simple, the print large, and the subject is alluring. Ages 7-9.

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The Seabury Cook Book for Boys and Girls. *By Eva Moore. Illustrated by Talivaldis Stubis. Seabury. 48 pp.* $3.95. Except for an actual demonstration, there couldn't be a simpler or clearer lesson for the beginning cook. The necessary equipment and ingredients are listed, followed by step-by-step instructions for cooking and illustrations that are really helpful. There are lists of kitchen utensils and cooking terms, repeated safety injunctions, and advice on giving a party or a dinner, using the nine recipes that are in the book. Ages 7-9.

Street Poems. *By Robert Froman. McCall. 58 pp.* $4.50. Children should find intriguing this book of poems, in which print placement, drawings, smudges, and handlettering combine into picture poems. In a poem about a candy bar, for example, the word "chocolate" is repeated in a rectangle, with the other ingredients typed in layers. It reads, "Candy bar—/Too much./Too much./But I'll have one more." The verses are varied in subject and mood; most are succinct images of city scenes, some humorous, some caustic. Ages 8-10.

Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Denmark. *Retold by Virginia Haviland. Illustrated by Margot Zemach. Little, Brown. 90 pp.* $3.95. Each of the volumes in this series of stories from other countries is illustrated by a different artist. Margot Zemach's pictures are softly drawn, funny, and quite charming, and the six tales are retold with direct simplicity. Ages 9-11.

Metamorphosis: The Magic Change. *By Alvin and Virginia Silverstein. Illustrated with photographs. Atheneum. 74 pp.* $5.50. Although the process of metamorphosis has been described in several books about individual creatures, it is discussed here as an evolutionary stage that contributes to the protection and development of lifeforms. The crisp, straightforward writing and clear photographs make vivid the marvelous adaptations of body shapes from caterpillar to butterfly, from nymph to dragonfly, from tadpole to frog, and from larval forms to adult eels or honeybees or starfish. Ages 9-12.

This Is Australia. *Written and illustrated by Miroslav Sasek. Macmillan. 60 pp.* $4.95. Sasek has painted his way through a succession of Australian cities, with particular attention to famous sights and to indigenous flora and fauna, and this is another informative and diverting pictorial introduction to a region. The architectural precision of the street scenes and buildings is impressive, and the humor of the text (more captions than running commentary) is reflected in the witty touches of caricature in the drawings of people. Adult readers as well as those of ages 9-12 may feel a wanderlust.

Shádí. *By Margaret Embry. Holiday House. 92 pp.* $3.75. The role of shádí, or older sister, is one of special responsibility to the Navajo people. Therefore when Emma's mother died, it was Emma's duty to care for the children. Her father had been living with another woman and offered to take the boys with him, but Emma knew that she must look after the ones who were, like her, living at the government school. And then there was the baby. No matter what the white officials said, she had to act—and so she took the infant to school. The problem is solved by clan action. Although a white teacher is accepted as a friend, the story for the most part portrays the cohesive self-protection of the Indian when faced with insensitive demands by a white society. Ages 11-14.

—*From "The Ringling Brothers"*

Biology in the World of the Future. *By Hal Hellman. Illustrated with photographs. Evans. 188 pp.* $4.95. In a fascinating study of biological research, Hal Hellman examines the accomplishments of today and their implications for the future. Particularly interesting are the possibilities and hazards of genetic engineering, the expanded use of machines in diagnosing and treating illnesses, and applications of biology to such global problems as conversion of waste to useful products and improving the food supply. The writing is authoritative and urbane. Ages 11 up.

Speak Roughly to Your Little Boy: A Collection of Parodies and Burlesques, Together with the Original Poems, Chosen and Annotated for Young People. *Edited by Myra Cohn Livingston. Illustrated by Joseph Low. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 180 pp.* $6.75. So there *is* something new under the sun! In this entertaining anthology some of the parodies are high-spirited fun, several are waspish, and many are acerbic commentaries on the atomic age. The originals are chosen from American and English poets of four centuries; there are parodies of and by Lewis Carroll, a Swinburne parody on himself, and other amusements, all explained by a section of notes. Ages 11 up.

A Break in the Circle. *By Jean Fiedler. McKay. 152 pp.* $4.50. Julie and Peter Gregory grieved for their father, but they had not, until his death, realized how strong a force he had been in directing their lives. Now Peter seemed more interested in music than in medical school, and Julie went to her college classes mechanically. Only the amateur theater group could stimulate her, and even there she felt at a loss because her mother would no longer take a role. Both Julie and her mother respond to a newcomer's enthusiasm although her mother's return to the company precipitates changes in all their attitudes. The plot is quite patterned, but the relationships are understandingly drawn, and it is a pleasure to read a junior novel in which the characters have intellectual interests. Ages 12-15.

That Was Then, This Is Now. *By S. E. Hinton. Viking. 159 pp.* $3.95. Mark's parents had shot each other when Mark was nine. He has lived with Bryon since then, and Bryon, who tells the story with the same directness and honesty that made *The Outsiders* (*SR*, May 13, 1967) so appealing to teen-agers, feels that Mark is his brother. But when he sees the effect of drugs on a gentle, friendly younger boy and discovers Mark is a pusher, he calls the police. He hates himself for the betrayal of his friend, but he's been a tough kid on the fringe of delinquency and he's aware of what happens beyond that fringe. The situation is harsh, yet the story has no minatory stridency. The writing has perception; the characters are wholly believable. Ages 13-16.

The Ice People. *By René Barjavel. Translated from the French by Charles Lam Markmann. Morrow. 205 pp.* $5.95. A new device for subglacial probes had just been delivered to the French Antarctic exploration team and the profile it reported was impossible. The outline showed people buried in the ice! Scientists from all over the world quickly augment the team in an attempt to thaw the man and woman, who are believed to be from an ancient civilization. Revived first, the woman is watched on television screens everywhere with breathless interest. Viewers soon learn that she has been brought back to life only to mourn her lost love. The ending of this very good science-fiction story has a wry twist, and the suspense is skillfully built. As in many tales of this genre, the book makes a strong plea for a peaceful world. For young adults.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1455

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1455 will be found in the next issue.

MX QAF DMBBVF CSFL RFERVF

ZFYF DEYF CDGLFB QACX MX

EGY QMDF.

—AFXYU CBCDL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1454

Memory is a crazy woman that hoards colored rags and throws away food. —A. O'MALLEY.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Dearth in Venice

LUCHINO VISCONTI'S film version of *Death in Venice* is handsome, at times achingly beautiful, to look at. The old-fashioned elegance of the style is appropriate to the story's 1911 period; the costumes and the décor are admirably detailed; and yet something has gone wrong. The pace of the two-hour-and-ten-minute film is as leaden as the sullen, sirocco-bearing skies above the Lido and the canals. And its dying artist hero (played by the capable Dirk Bogarde) is less tragic than pitiable. Despite all the loving care lavished on this transplantation, the essence of the Thomas Mann masterpiece has not been captured.

Visconti saw fit to make some changes. They might appear to be minor, but they are, in fact, crucial. The story was constructed with jewel-like precision; its levels and meaning are not there by chance. Venice, a decayed city propped up and preserved like a museum, was one of its symbols. Aschenbach, the dedicated, disciplined literary artist, was another. The sirocco was an ill wind bringing death and putrescence. While the leisured classes of Europe took to the beaches and dined in splendor, their epoch was coming to an end. A plague had struck their gathering place. The fabled horsemen would soon mount their fearsome chargers.

In the Visconti version, Aschenbach has been turned into a composer (the director first stated, then denied, that Mann's figure was based on Mahler; Mahler's music—from the Third and Fifth symphonies—still remains on the sound-track), but a composer's life is less lonely and more public, particularly when he conducts his own compositions, than that of a writer of Aschenbach's type. Visconti gives him a friend and colleague by the name of Alfried and, in flashback, a life quite unlike that of Mann's Aschenbach. They have empty and, I am sorry to say, rather sappy conversations. This is more than tinkering; it amounts to arrogance.

I am not advocating total fidelity to the Mann story, especially where filmic purposes are concerned. But Visconti apparently found it necessary to account for Aschenbach's seeming change from heterosexuality to a hopeless love for an exquisite adolescent boy. Thus he provides a scene in which a younger Aschenbach has a miserable encounter with a prostitute in a brothel, as though his problem is that he failed to find satisfaction with women. Nothing is further from Mann's point. Tadzio, for Aschenbach, is a classical ideal of beauty made physically manifest. And he is also the angel of death. To simply have Aschenbach turn queer, to have him pursue Tadzio as though in search of forbidden erotic pleasure, amounts to a gross distortion of Mann's meaning. Even more vulgar is the camera's fixation on the boy's buttocks, an implication that Aschenbach is a budding sodomite.

In the Mann story Death was omnipresent. He appears in various guises: grinning near a Munich cemetery, as an old man with rouged lips and false red hair on a steamer, as a gondolier, as a strolling entertainer mocking the hotel guests. All these are guides for Aschenbach on his last gruesome journey. But Visconti misses the nuances, and without them a lethargy settles over the drama. He has, however, left us something. Luckily, the Hotel des Bains was still there for refurbishing as it once was. Bjorn Andresen, as Tadzio, is a striking reincarnation of the beautiful boy of the story. Silvana Mangano adds a stately presence as his doting mother. Dirk Bogarde, while failing to rise to any great height as the bemused composer, gives him a fussy tenderness. But the words of Mann have a power far beyond that of Visconti's pictures. He might better have put some of those words on the sound-track instead of Mahler's sensuous music.

In an explanation of his latest film, *The Clowns*, originally made for Italian television, Federico Fellini, in imagining certain contemporary figures as clowns, refers to Visconti as "a white clown of great authority, his pompous costume already giving orders." In the film, a mingling of autobiography, documentation, and dramatization, Fellini distinguishes between two main varieties of clowns, the white clown (Pierrot) and the more familiar clown of the circus, "the Auguste." Using his own classification, one would see Fellini as an Auguste—by no means a denigration, since Fellini lists Picasso and Einstein among his Augustes. The haughty white clowns he shows us fascinated me more, perhaps because they are less familiar. The Augustes are sadder, and the film itself is sad, a threnody for a dying time, a simpler time. But who would want to miss Fellini's clowns, Fellini on clowns? An oddity, but a rich and evocative one.

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United Nations

Continued from page 13

ployed, as stated above, is only 124.

In recent years many complaints from *within* the Secretariat have been directed at certain countries that have received sudden and proportionately large increases in staff allotments. Until recently, for example, there was a great outcry about what was widely referred to as "the Indian Mafia" because India, with a quota of 26 to 31, had a representation of 59, several of them in high places. The number of Egyptians is also grossly out of line, and there are frequent suggestions that the heavy British over-representation is not unconnected with the repeated placement of British officials in effective charge of personnel. When, after prolonged search and frequent disappointments, U Thant succeeded in finding an African to fill the post of Director of Personnel, the representation of the new incumbent's country was soon discovered to have risen to almost twice the maximum of the desirable range.

In trying to assess the reasons for a decline in the quality of an organization, it is natural to look first at the leadership. To what extent is the present Secretary General responsible for the disrepair of the Secretariat?

It has already been remarked that U Thant is a man of deep political concern. The number of occasions on which he has issued public statements and the variety of subjects with which the pronouncements have dealt illustrate this concern. His term of office has been at a time when international relations have been bedeviled by the continuance and aggravation of old problems and by the sudden eruption of new ones. It has been inevitable—and indeed right—that he should be preoccupied with these matters. But, unfortunately, his relations with the Secretariat have suffered. He knows the truth of what Trygve Lie said when greeting Hammarskjold at Idlewild [Kennedy Airport] in 1953, "You are coming to the most impossible job on earth."

Members of the Secretariat cannot all be expected to understand and make allowances for the difficulties facing the Secretary General. This contributes to a feeling that U Thant is not, in fact, much interested in people (which is certainly false) and even less in administration. Other critics charge that, unlike Hammarskjold, he will not really fight for the principles on which the service was originally established. Faced with external pressure, he will give way; presented with internal problems, he will

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Death in Venice

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hesitate, delay, and, when possible, evade the issue or pass it along for solution to an aide.

He is not, of course, without defenders, and these include most of his present senior staff. They reiterate that he has to deal with more and greater external difficulties than did either of his predecessors. And, not unnaturally, they have a higher opinion of his ability to select competent aides than is sometimes granted by others.

Some critics of the current administration tend to minimize the role of U Thant and to attribute the present distemper instead to "the 38th floor," by which they mean the "Establishment" in general.

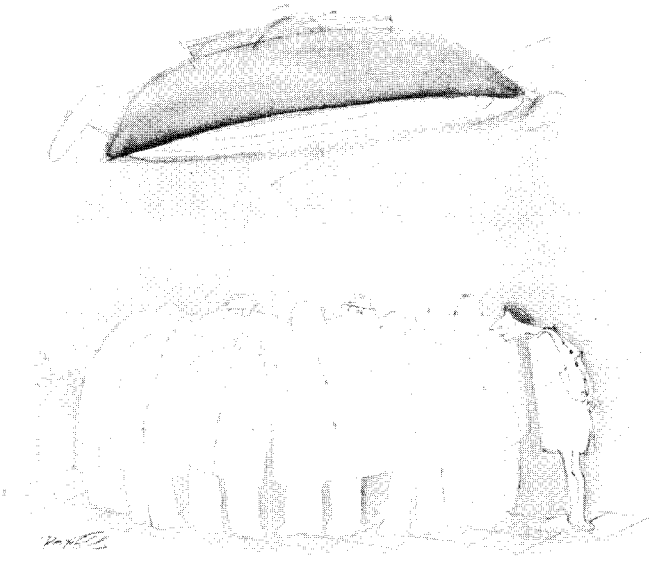
They point out that Ralph Bunche, in his time certainly one of the most popular, trusted, and able members of the hierarchy, is aging and is now too ill to play an effective role. A number of the other Under Secretaries General, Assistant Secretaries General, and Directors have been around for a long time and are tired or wedded to obsolete routines or both. Some later appointees are obviously simple careerists; others are men who seem to have been selected because of national or racial considerations. The senior Chinese member of the staff has long passed the age of retirement, but it is, of course, recognized that he is remaining to keep a seat warm for a top official from the People's Republic when the inevitable occurs, probably in 1972. Finally, many of the members of the Secretariat blame the hierarchy for the fact that Dr. Julia Henderson, for many years one of the most competent of U.N. officials, was not promoted even to a post as Assistant Secretary General "because she was a woman." This is hard to refute when her abilities are contrasted with those of some senior colleagues. (Dr. Henderson has recently resigned to succeed the late Sir David Owen as chief executive officer of the International Planned Parenthood Federation in London.)

It is not surprising that many highly qualified professional members of the Secretariat, aware of past failures and present difficulties, frustrated by what they consider favoritism, by persistent interference from governments, by the absence of in-service training, by the blockage of planned careers, by conditions of life in New York, and (in some opinions) by inadequate salaries, have become disillusioned and embittered—especially when they see that violation of the rules often appears to bring the offenders appointments, promotions, and general success.

This is one reason why many governments that in the early days meticulously lived up to their obligations in these matters have now modified their positions. Most, if not all, missions now are expected to seek opportunities for their fellow nationals in the United Nations' service. As a result, whereas competition used to be, in theory and to some extent in practice, among individuals, it is now coming closer and closer to being a rivalry among governments.

In December 1970, the General Assembly decided that something would have to be done. First, professional salaries were raised (effective July 1, 1971) by 8 per cent. Then, after long argument, an Intergovernmental Committee was established to make a detailed re-examination of the whole problem of conditions within the Secretariat. The Committee is to report to the Assembly in 1971. It would be unrealistic to expect that any really significant improvements will follow this report. Far too many governments have a vested interest in the present deplorable situation, and far too many others are looking forward to short-term profits from it. Philosophically they may all agree that a sound international civil service eventually would benefit everyone, including themselves, but in the meantime they are likely to succumb to the temptation of demanding posts and other favors for their own nominees, and of retaining control over their "representatives" and agents within the Secretariat.

As this is written there is much uncertainty about the future. Assuming that the Communist troika scheme is again defeated, the selection of a new Secretary General still is as unsettled as it is important for the future of the organization. There are certain delegations, especially among the Francophone group and the Arabs, that hope to persuade U Thant to reconsider and accept an extension. They are unlikely to succeed. Once more there is a solid Scandinavian candidate in Jakobson of Finland, and apparently rapidly growing support for Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, who has done so well as High Commissioner for Refugees. Lee Kuan Yew, the tough and highly intelligent Prime Minister of Singapore, is repeatedly mentioned but is reported to be uninterested. A more receptive candidate is Endelkachen Makonnen, Ethiopian Minister of Communications, who is understood to be seeking Asian as well as African support. Kurt Waldheim of Austria—now that his bid for the presidency of his own country has failed—is also sometimes mentioned. The number of dark horses is incalculable, but few of them can do more than hope to reach the race course.



On the wall of the main floor of the Secretariat Building is a large, and quite deplorable, oil painting of Dag Hammarskjold. The late Secretary General looks pinched, insignificant, morbid, and weak—none of which descriptions applied to the real man. Most portraits look their best from a reasonable distance. In this case a reasonable distance would be the far side of a New York skyscraper. If the late Secretary General were to return to the Secretariat—to the high quality of which his mind and spirit had contributed so much—and were to discover how the standards and morale of the staff had deteriorated since his death, he might soon feel as dismal as the artist has made him look.

But if the prophecy that the work of the Intergovernmental Committee will produce meager, if any, results should happily prove to be mistaken, and if real reforms should in fact follow from its report, perhaps Dag Hammarskjold may be seen to smile from his position on the wall. If one miracle, why not two?

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

High Hopes in the Slovak Uplands

THE RECENT Czechoslovak party congress held in Prague during the last days of May reaffirmed the Soviet dominance of that nation and also ensured the continued party leadership of Gustav Husák, who replaced Alexander Dubček as First Secretary. Both Dubček and Husák are Slovaks, the minority nationality in Czechoslovakia, a land that has been dominated by the Czechs of Bohemia. The Czechs are more numerous and consider themselves more cosmopolitan and better educated than the rustic Slovaks, who have lived close to the earth for centuries.

While the center of the Holy Roman Empire swirled about Prague, with all its cultures, Slovakia lived for a thousand years under the domination of the Magyars. Throughout this long period of Hungarian oppression, however, the Slovaks managed to maintain their separate language, which they speak today. It is readily understood by Czechs. While I was in Slovakia recently, I was a frequent, if mute, third party to conversations between Czechs and Slovaks each carrying on in his own language. To the ear attuned to English, the languages are indistinguishable. It is only when one refers to the guidebook that one sees Slovak as a language suffering, it would seem, from a deficiency of vowels or, more properly, marked by a strange juxtaposition of consonants. A mountaintop is a *vrch* and a hump is a *hrb*. And if one climbs over the hrb and gets to the vrch, one might find, at these altitudes, a *zmrzlé pleso*, which, in the words of the guidebook, is "a frozen tarn."

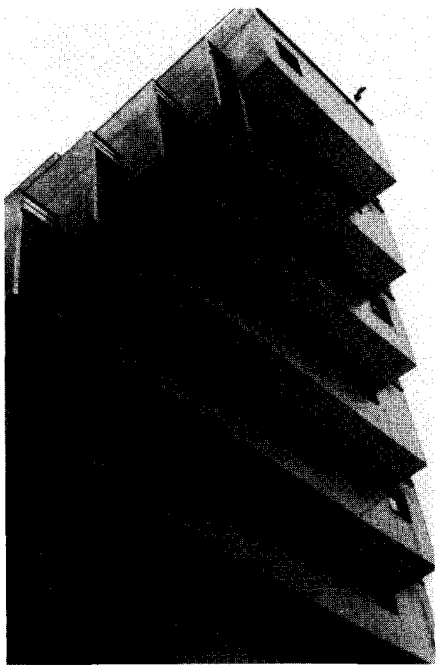
Most of the Czechoslovaks who emigrated to the United States—Dubček's father was a notable one—were Slovaks seeking a more fruitful life than what was available in the farmlands at home. At least half a million Slovaks in America still speak their language. Most of them did well, or at least well enough to return home, as they do now, in some prosperity. Boarding the bus that rides from the Pan Am terminal at JFK Airport to the door of the big Russian-built jet of CSA, the Czechoslovak airline, one is immersed in a flood of Slovak, mostly burbling from aging émigrés who joined the tour back in Chicago and are already warming up the mother tongue in preparation for the days of reunion ahead.

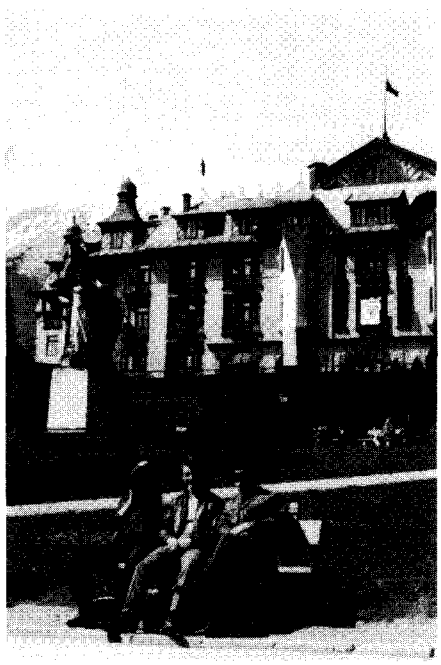
Although the official Communist line is not always in favor of tourism, especially of West German tourism, the Slovaks in America are courted, presumably as a source of dollars available to a nation that in recent years has been caught in the crunch of an economic duck press. Those travelers without ethnic interests would be likely to visit Prague and bustle off to another country. Slovakia would normally see little of them, except for the High Tatras, a small and tidy alpine range, a part of the Carpathians that is coming into high favor among skiers.

I spent some days in the High Tatras recently, journeying in a twin-engine plane of Russian design—a version of the old American DC-4—from the trim new airport at Prague to the trim new airport at Bratislava, capital of Slovakia, in the southern part of the country near the Austrian and Hungarian borders. The domestic service uses a ground hostess as escort, but there is no cabin personnel on the plane. One is supposed to pick up a piece of hard candy en route to planeside and remember, without being prompted, to attach one's safety belt on take-off and landing.

The stop in Bratislava is short, and the plane departs for Poprad, a small neat city in the northern Slovakian extremity facing Poland. Poprad sits on a flat plain looking at the snow-covered range of the High Tatras. It is the gateway city, and it reminded me of Jackson, Wyoming, and the way the Grand Tetons, sharp, massive, and white, come so assertively into view across the plain. In the old days, which is to say between the wars, the rheumy Poles and catarrhal Czars, the Hungarians visiting their mountainous fief, the consumptives from the coal mines, and doubtless those merely seeking some summer weeks in the mountains came to the High Tatras to walk under the great pines, fish the rushing brooks, walk the mountain trails, and paddle the lakes cold from the run-off of the melting spring snow.

Those old palace hotels where they stayed amid potted-plant grandeur are still there, but they have come through the years with perhaps less grace than some of their patrons. In the Communist scheme there has been little place for such capitalistic repositories, and they commanded few priorities in a nation that is still in need of housing. The old Grandhotel in Stary Smokovec is kept alive, or at least breathing, by a spirited gypsy orchestra that on occasion plays in the lobby while the visitors nibble on a desultory creation from the people's pastry chef. A few miles away in Tatranská Lomnica, the massive Grandhotel Praha, its faded walls steeped in Central European lore, gives an appearance—if one's glance is more fleeting than discerning—of a certain elegance. The large, sunny dining room looks over the rubber plants to the pines, and one can order Tokan Bratislava, which is beef with mushrooms, or shashlik in papillotte, or the Tatra wood plate for two, which gives more promise than reward. But the





Changing times in the High Tatras—Panorama Hotel, left, is a modern ski lodge while Grandhotel in Stary Smokovec remains a relic of prewar mountain grandeur.

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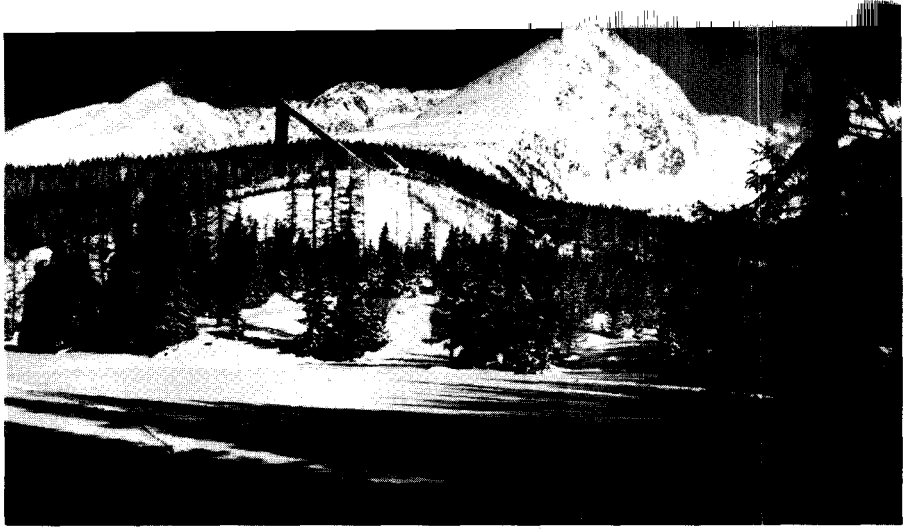

Czech Highlands—Ski jump at Strbské Pleso is the beginning of a sports center that has high hopes of attracting the winter Olympics in 1980.

cuisine is nearly as faded as the halls and one can only hope that when the current renovation is completed—half of the rooms are being given private baths—it will be transfused with regained vigor.

Built since the war are such intermediate hotels as the Bellevue in Horny Smokovec, perhaps a ten-minute walk from the Grand at Stary Smokovec. Built in 1950s Marxist modern, it has 121 rooms with bath, is equipped with beds that provide a pallet on which to lie without inducing total comfort, and a cuisine that is sustaining without—I assure you—being pretentious. All the rooms come with baths, and the lower reaches of the house hold the surprise of a swimming pool sheltered from the snowdrifts and the chill mountain winds, where the guests can moon away inclement hours and swim away the ennui or the avoirdupois as the need may be. The subterranean grill offers the unexpected delight of a pianist, Julius Olah, who is half-Indian, half-Czech, wears glasses that are as thick as the bottom of Coke bottles, and renders, as compliantly as any Czech, a smashing "Rhapsody in Blue" or a mournful "Dark Eyes," depending upon who comes swinging through the portals. One evening after closing time, the pianist bade us follow him to another, and better, piano hidden away in an obscure conference room where he held forth in high concert for a tiny but appreciative claque of Americans and Czechs.

Perhaps the best evening in Slovakia was spent in the Zbojnická Koliba, done up like a forest brigand's den and tucked away among the high pines, a jolting ride from Stary Smokovec. The winter snows that had already vanished make it easier for the downhill racers who slide along a fir-bordered trail to the front portal protected from the elements by a bear hide. A fireplace glows in the center of the hut, chickens turn on spits, brook trout fished from the mountain streams are simmered in bacon fat, sweet red peppers, and paprika, and the patron hokes up the proceedings by shooting blank cartridges at the merest suspicion of a lull. Ceramic cups flaming with pure alcohol, caramelized sugar, and lemon are brought to the table, and, if that doesn't charge the blood, there is always the gypsy band waiting to push the diastolic pressures to the bell-ringing point. A candlelit version called Koliba was a hit at the Expo in Canada and endures still. Those who would visit the original may apply to the Grandhotel in Stary Smokovec.

But the high promise of the High Tatras lies in the ski runs that are being developed. The FIS championships have already been held in the Slovak alps, and Czechoslovakia has dreams of the Olympics, perhaps for 1980. A new electric car runs from Poprad, where the planes come in, clear to Štrbské Pleso, a mountain lake at the 4,445-foot level in the western end of the Tatras. A new $5-million, lopsided, triangularly shaped hotel has its steel skeleton in place. The Panorama Hotel, built in stepped style of bare red pine, has its ninety rooms open for business. That chic raffinement so evident in Vail or Gstaad isn't exactly noticeable, but then all the perquisites seem to be on hand, the atmosphere is cheery, the fittings are new, and the price is right: $16.20 a day for two including half board, which is obligatory.

The FIS Hotel, nearby, has its own rakish roofline covering its sixty rooms. It also has ten bungalows each with four beds. A double room costs about $6 for two, a bungalow $12 for four, plus breakfast, which is about $1 per person. A bath is appended to every room, but each is fitted in the fashion of the Eastern European bloc: wash basin, toilet, and telephone-type shower head that, lacking a shower stall, simply sprays all over the cubicle and drains out through the floor.

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Men helping Man

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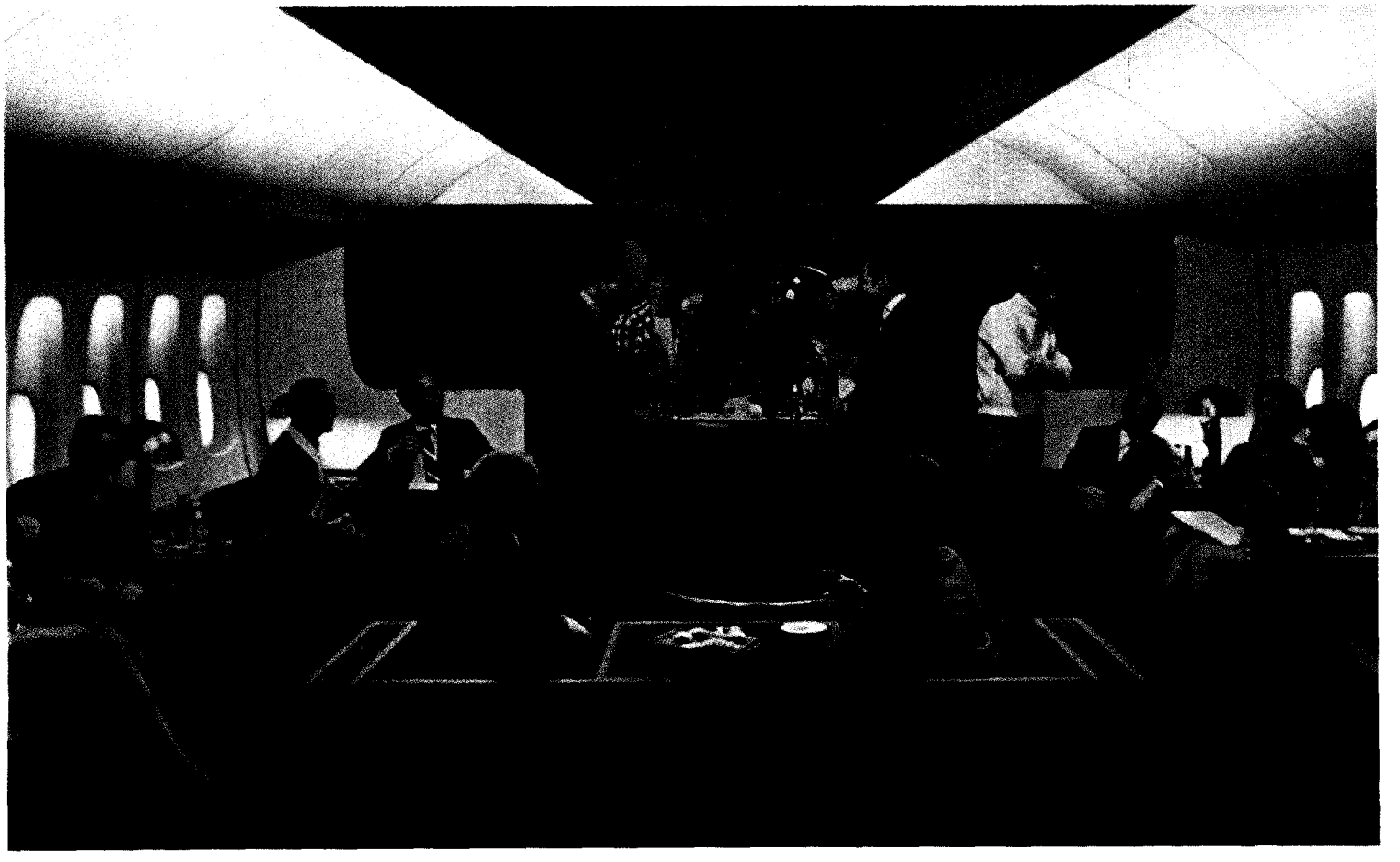

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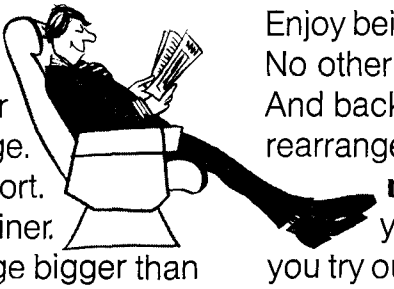

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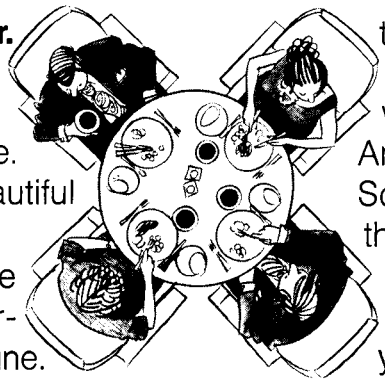

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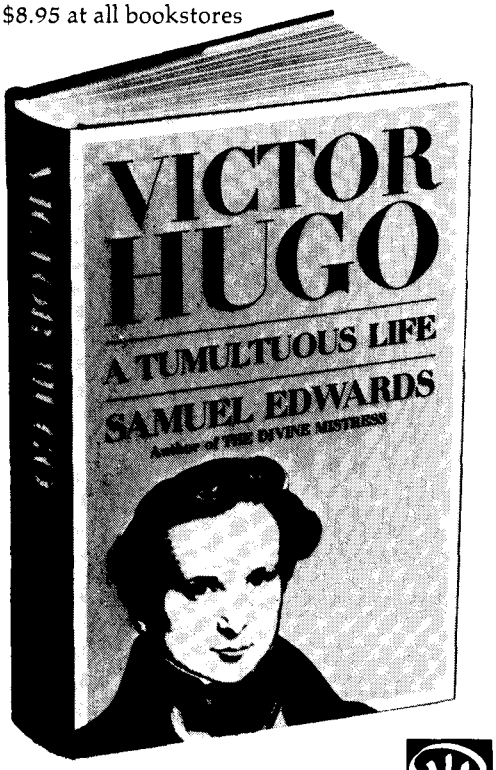

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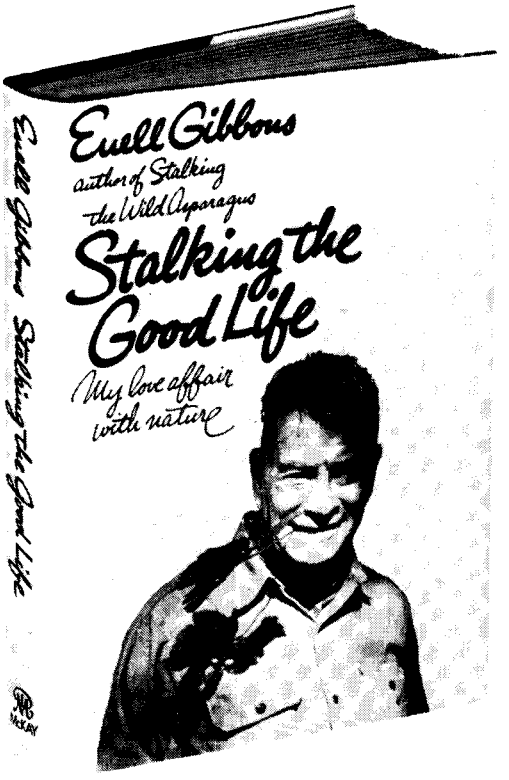

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New lifts rise right out of the front door of the FIS Hotel, the landing pad of the ski jump is practically in the lobby, and the start and finish of the cross-country skiing competitions is a short walk from the reception desk. For all the new hotels and the new equipment, the Tatras suffer from an uneven snowfall and machines have been brought on for big meets just in case the wintry heavens fail to cooperate.

If anything, the international skiers who come to the Tatras will not have nearly as much trouble with the snow as with the language. All those larynx-rupturing names are difficult only to the untutored eye, and to the Slovaks they carry a certain lyric quality. *Snehovy štit* means nothing more complicated than "snow peak"; *L'aliové sedlo*, "lily saddle." *Kamzičia jaskyna* is Slovak for "chamois cave," and something as foreboding as *kotlina Zabích plies* translates into "frog tarns kettle."

Thus equipped, at least linguistically, one ought to have little difficulty rolling the mountain roads of the Tatras. Travelers can journey the rim road eastward from Štrbské Pleso through the assorted burgs of Smokovec (*stary* is "old," *novy* is "new," *horny* is "upper").

Eastward out of the mountains the road leads to Spiš, a land without people after the rampaging Tartars rode through it centuries ago. In the thirteenth century Germans from Saxony came to colonize the deserted land, establishing twenty-four townships inside the Hungarian protectorate. Many of them left relics of folk art and architecture, especially Kezmarok, which has an old wooden Protestant church, and Levoča, capital of Spiš. On the crossroads between Hungary and Poland, Levoča was free, royal, and rich. Its Gothic church of St. James has a famed, carved, wooden altar that was being admired, or at least contemplated, on the rainy gray spring day I was there, by a passing tour of rubbernecking Russians.

In Spiš the countryside is soft, rhythmic, and rolling, unlike the crescendos that crash in the mind's eye when viewing the Tatras. The wet ribbons of the road make their own curling patterns, and one could see now a church outlined against the lowering sky, now a castle. Always there were the trees running along the line of the brook and the fields planted and waiting, anticipating the warmth of summer.

We curled up toward the Polish border to look at Zdiar, a village three miles long founded by herdsmen three centuries ago. The houses are still painted in gaudy colors indicating the presence within of a marriageable daughter or son, an available widow, or a compliant widower. On Sundays many of the villagers still dress in their ancient ornate costumes, and some of the houses have folk art for sale—shepherd's crooks, appliquéd blouses, and dolls.

Sitting there is a blue log cabin in Zdiar, twelve miles from the Polish border, and looking at those hard peasant faces, I seemed to feel as far from any recognizable milieu as one could get. I wondered what had caused them all to rise up as the Slovaks did in August of 1944 and fight off the Germans, who had created a tidy puppet protectorate at the beginning of World War II and split them off from the Czechs. Yet the mountains are dotted with markers of the battles that took place in Štrbské Pleso, in Stary Smokovec in front of the Grandhotel, and above all in the castle courtyard at Kezmarok, where the captured partisans were shot, just as they are nightly in the midnight television movies that no longer seem real.

For all their trouble, the progenitors of the uprising against the Germans, premature though it was, and never ordered by the Kremlin, were later in the Stalinist years to be accused of "bourgeois nationalism" and hustled off to jail. Prominent among them was Gustav Husák, now head of the party who spent six years in purgatory before being rescued by Alexander Dubček, himself now living in disgrace if not oblivion in Bratislava. All those are musings for an idle afternoon in the mountains when, more profitably for the soul, one ought to be out looking for an edelweiss.

WIT TWISTER #222

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The more he would _ _ _ _ _ _ _ his time-worn tale,
The more would it stray _ _ _ _ _ _ _ to the truth.
At length he claimed he'd made some mobsters quail,
Though all he'd done was _ _ _ _ _ _ _ one thieving youth!

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 62*)

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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New Orthodoxies for Old

Change is the name of the education game, we've been told repeatedly for several years, and radical innovation in the classroom offers the only hope for rescuing our schools. We have also been reminded that children learn in their own individual ways, at different rates, and with varying degrees of aptitude in the diverse areas of academic interest. Therefore, we should increase the number of options available to children so that each can be offered the mode of learning that promises optimum individual development.

No doubt all of this is true: Innovation and change are necessary, children do differ, and they should be offered options for learning in varied ways. But as we come to the end of another school year, it seems clear that too often the introduction of innovation brings no real change to the classroom, and that the American passion for the new and the fashionable tends to lead us merely to acceptance of new orthodoxies in place of the old.

In too many cases innovations are introduced with considerable fanfare, are welcomed by teachers, administrators, and community alike, but change nothing for the children in the classroom. It is possible, for instance, to organize a number of teachers into a team, to give them larger space and a hundred or more students to teach, only to find that each teacher pays eloquent lip service to the concept of "the team," but actually selects one corner of the room for his desk and continues to function in the same old way. Similarly, it is possible to combine two or three grades into ungraded classrooms where, theoretically, each child can progress at his own rate without the pressures of competing with his peers. Yet, it is all too easy simply to substitute x number of modules of learning for y number of grade levels and still have the classroom pressures, the prizes, and the sanctions remain exactly the same.

It is heartening, nevertheless, that so many teachers and administrators across the country are truly eager to change in a fashion that goes beyond the forms of innovation in order to make a basic difference in the education process itself. And it appears that a technique for replicating the content of innovative practices—and not just their form—may be on the way. The education arm of the Charles F. Kettering Foundation, I/D/E/A, has, for the past five years, been experimenting with a program called Individually Guided Education, which is designed to introduce into the classroom many of the newly developed practices in a way that will change basically the learning environment for children. It is too early to tell how successful the program will be, but it has at least two factors going for it. First is the awareness of those directing the program—both at I/D/E/A and at the cooperating state departments of education and universities—that changing the administrative form without making any change in the learning process accomplishes little or nothing. Second is an equal awareness that not all teachers —including some excellent, highly successful traditional practitioners—may want to change, and that forcing them to do so would be a mistake.

We may take heart, too, from the growing number of educators and laymen who are taking a more sophisticated view of innovation. The New Hampshire Council for Better Schools, in its official *Bulletin* last spring, questioned the efforts of overzealous advocates of "open classroom" schools to impose the new practices on other communities and asked: "But must we throw out all of the old just to have something new that is good?"

Perhaps, during the 1970s we will learn to innovate in a fashion that brings true change in the classroom, and will remember that the objective is not merely to substitute a new orthodoxy for the old. —J. C.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Students' Constitutional Rights

NAT HENTOFF's article "Why Students Want Their Constitutional Rights Now" (*SR*, May 22) is an excellent layman's brief that should be of value to any concerned high school student. As a first-year student at Columbia Law School, I recently researched much of the material exposed by Mr. Hentoff for my moot court assignment, and I found the increasing tendency of courts to hold in favor of the dignitary, expressive, and other Constitutional rights of high school students to be encouraging evidence of the potential of the American legal system.

Whatever may be the particular situation, it seems to me that educators can learn from Hentoff's article what the law is and what it's becoming. No one is more respected by students than the tactful and honest educator who prevents personal pettiness from intruding into the more important goals of the educational process. However, should the trend of the law be missed, and illegal deprivations persist, then, as Hentoff suggests at the end of the article, legal damage will not stop at the educator's resistant philosophy, but will run to his wallet as well.

THOMAS R. RIPPON,
New York, N.Y.

I AM WRITING to endorse the article "Why Students Want Their Constitutional Rights Now" by Nat Hentoff. I'm fifteen and a freshman in high school. Although I haven't experienced administrative oppression as the upperclassmen have, it's still there so strongly you can feel it in the air (at least in our school). For example, the members of the Earth Action Team were told that because they weren't a school-run activity they could make only one announcement and have posters up in the halls for only two hours. Girls got the right to wear slacks by forcing the issue. Several girls had worn pants suits one day last fall and were told to change. They didn't, but since they were seniors of good standing, they weren't persecuted. The next day ninety girls showed up wearing pants suits. They were called down to the office and made to wait, and their parents were called, brought in, and made to sign a paper saying they assumed responsibility for their daughters' clothing.

The superintendent of public schools suspended the dress code the next day (it can be renewed anytime). All this time the students were never told anything—rumors were the only communication. The newspapers stated, "Ninety girls *defy* school regulations."

KATHY SMITH, '74,
Delaware, O.

WHEN I ATTENDED high school in the 1940s, we did not feel it necessary to campaign for our "Constitutional rights"—we already had them. There was no dress code, no censorship of the school paper, no sudden search of lockers.

Today, in my son's school, all of these controls do exist, inaugurated by a new school principal for very good reasons. Without a dress code students were coming to school in bizarre costumes, and even some with bare feet. Underground newspapers circulated freely in the halls. One of them, brought home by my son, gave instructions to students who wished to burn down the school, including information on where they could receive permanent asylum from the police. Smoking pot on campus was common.

"What you need is a massive infusion of federal funds!"

This week, rumors of an interschool rumble sparked a sudden and unexpected search of lockers at another school in the same suburb. Two loaded pistols were discovered.

No, I am not referring to high school students. My son is thirteen years old and is in the eighth grade!

During the past year in Cleveland we have had a gangland-style assassination by gunfire in the washroom of one of the city's schools, and in a suburban school a few months ago a student fired a pistol at one of his teachers in the hallway during change of classes.

Certainly such actions warrant the loss of privileges—Constitutional rights, if you wish to call them that—that former generations enjoyed.

ROBERT L. VAN DER VELDE,
Cleveland Heights, O.

THE DENIAL of students' Constitutional rights in our schools is, indeed, a blemish on our educational system. However, the infringement of human rights that Nat Hentoff documents is minor compared with the injustice of legally compelling all children to attend school.

Behind the rhetoric of school as a privilege is the cold fact that the young have no choice in the use of this privilege. At sixteen, when they are legally free to stop going to school, they are barraged with "dropout" propaganda and discouraged from leaving school, even temporarily. Although a recent Supreme Court judgment ruled against the practice, many young people are barred from jobs because they lack a high school diploma, even when there is not the slightest relationship between the actual job requirement and a high school education.

Not only are students victimized by the compulsory nature of schooling, but so, too, are teachers. For many teachers, the hostility bred by forced attendance has sapped the joy and satisfaction that is inherent in teaching.

Compulsory schooling has turned our schools into prisons for a large portion of our young. Many would be happier, more productive, and better educated out in the world. If we are to deal with the issue of students' rights that Mr. Hentoff has raised, we must first eliminate this basic infringement. Not only would such a move be beneficial to the young and to society in general, but it just might save our educational system.

KEVIN RYAN,
A. N. Whitehead Fellow,
Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

NAT HENTOFF makes many valuable points with respect to the rights of students within the public schools, but he fails to mention what is in my opinion the most fundamental violation of the Constitutional rights of American students, namely, that—even in the face of compulsory schooling laws binding on all—the education tax dollar is restricted to those who study under state teachers.

FRANCIS J. BROWN,
Professor of Economics,
DePaul University,
Chicago, Ill.

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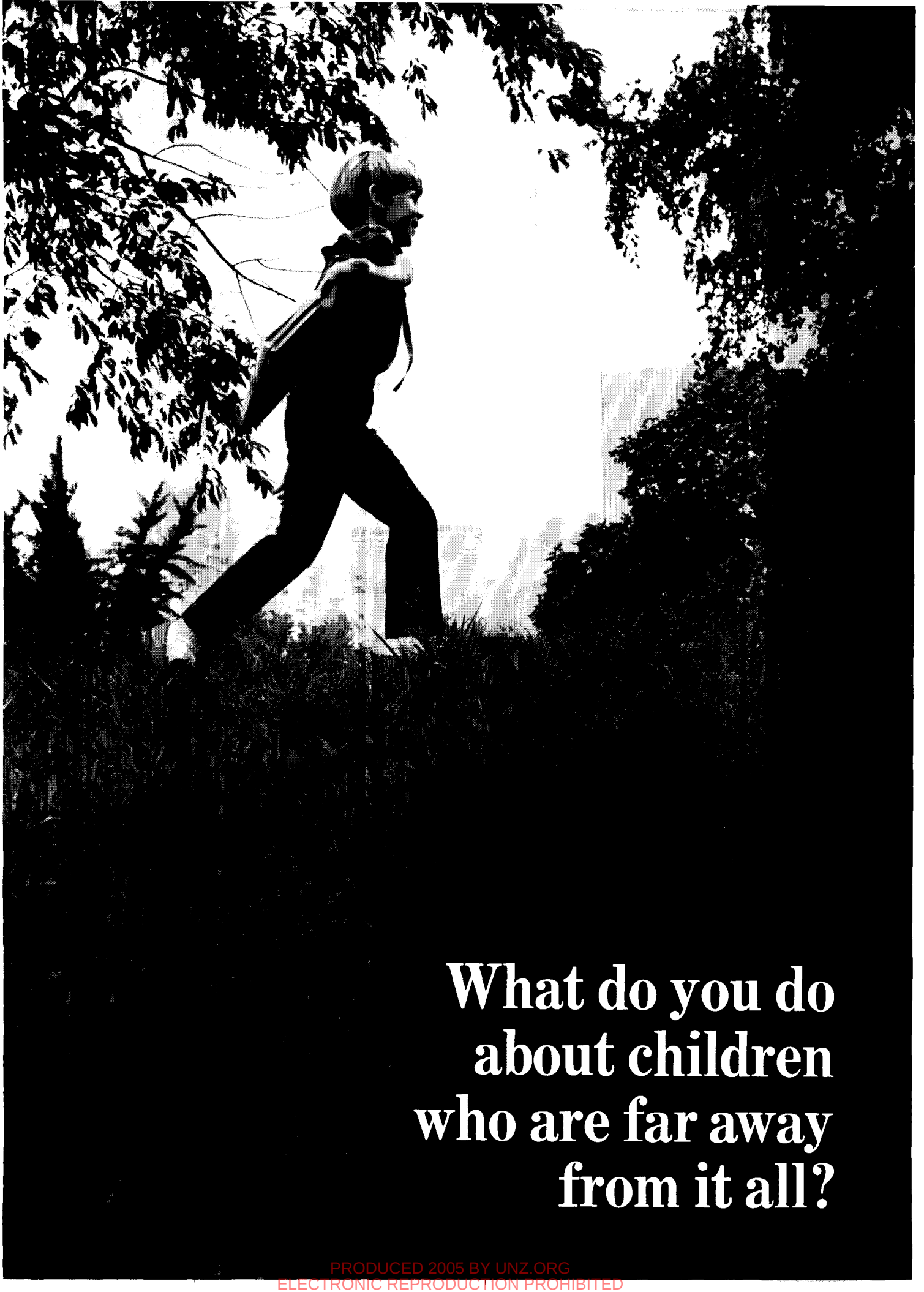

What do you do about children who are far away from it all?

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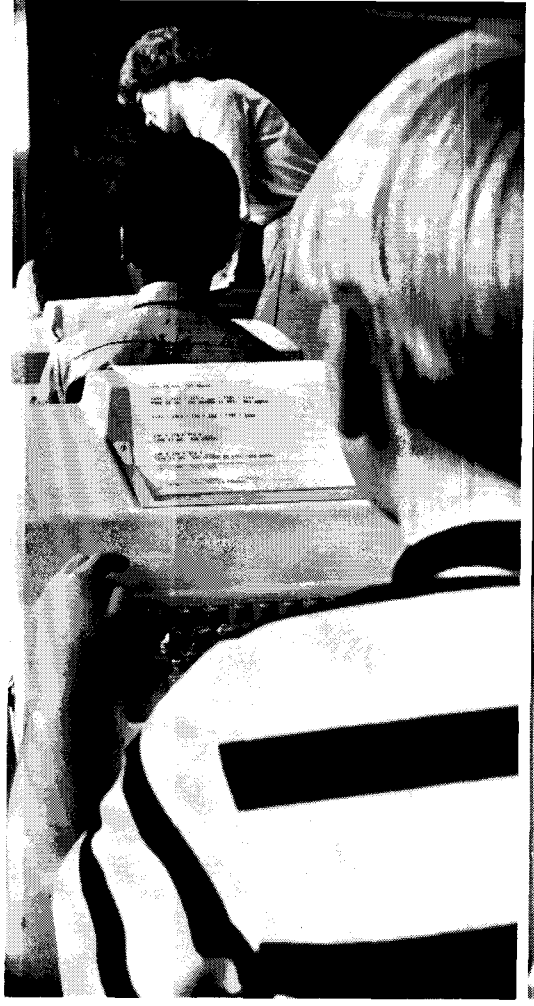

Students in the metropolitan cities can be as far away from it all as rural youngsters. It happens every time some of education's best advantages pass them by.

Today, small communities like Medicine Bow, Wyoming (population 392), as well as big-city systems, like New York City (population 7,867,760), are making use of the nationwide telephone network to give young pupils rich—and occasionally unique—learning experiences.

This network, for example, recently gave music students in Medicine Bow, Wyoming, a chance to visit with Leonard Bernstein. The science students learned about some of space travel's complex elements from a NASA official in Houston. It was a system of Tele-Lecture combined with telewriting that gave Medicine Bow's pupils the chance to reach out beyond Wyoming to the whole country.

Tele-Lecture, telewriting, and remote computer access is available to today's students over Bell System's nationwide communications network.

For example: In New York City, more than 2000 elementary school pupils, using Touch-Tone® phones in their homes, are reinforcing math skills by 'talking' with a computer.

The pupil hears the computer say, "What is four plus four?" He responds to the computer by pressing the buttons on his Touch-Tone phone. If he presses the right buttons, another problem will follow. If he is wrong, the question is repeated and if he is wrong again, the computer gives the correct answer and presents a different problem. The pupil's progress is recorded and future drills are structured to the student's achievement level.

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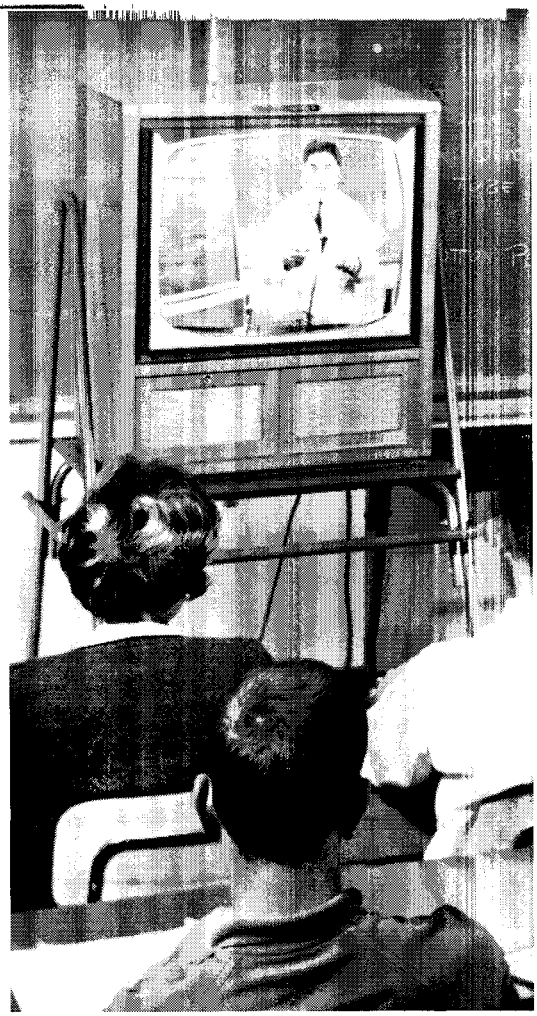

Computer math programs are coming to rural children as well. First-through-eighth graders in several schools in eastern Kentucky are now learning math with the help of a computer-assisted instruction program that comes from Stanford University in Palo Alto, California, via the telephone network.

Edwin R. Jones, Director, Eastern Kentucky Educational Development Corporation, describes his thinking about computer-assisted instruction:

"What catches my mind and imagination about CAI is the fact that today, for the very first time in the history of education, we can actually provide individualized instruction for a whole classroom of students. Not only is the instruction process individualized, it's programmed so that those responsible for student learning know exactly how the pupil is interacting and progressing with the material. For years and years we've talked about individualized instruction for the student. Now it's a fact in some of our schools. I hope it will some day be a fact in all of our schools."

Delaware is one of several states that have developed a communications system that provides urban and rural students educational advantages. A statewide multichannel closed-circuit TV system serves Delaware schools with a total enrollment of 105,000 pupils. Programs are designed to enrich the educational process and are transmitted throughout the state over a network especially designed by Bell System engineers.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are continually working to improve educational communications.

Today, regardless of location, it's no longer necessary for any student to be far away from it all.

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The Alternative to Schooling

—*Cass Haber (New Schools Exchange)*

"Properly controlled, technology could provide each man with the ability to understand his environment better, to shape it with his own hands. . . . Such a use of technology constitutes the central alternative in education."

by IVAN ILLICH

For generations we have tried to make the world a better place by providing more and more schooling, but so far the endeavor has failed. What we have learned instead is that forcing all children to climb an open-ended education ladder cannot enhance equality but must favor the individual who starts out earlier, healthier, or better prepared; that enforced instruction deadens for most people the will for independent learning; and that knowledge treated as a commodity, delivered in packages, and accepted as private property once it is acquired, must always be scarce.

In response, critics of the educational system are now proposing strong and unorthodox remedies that range from the voucher plan, which would enable each person to buy the education of his choice on an open market, to shifting the responsibility for education from the school to the media and to apprenticeship on the job. Some individuals foresee that the school will have to be disestablished just as the church was disestablished all over the world during the last two centuries. Other reformers propose to replace the universal school with various new systems that would, they claim, better prepare everybody for life in modern society. These proposals for new educational institutions fall into three broad categories: the reformation of the classroom within the school system; the dispersal of free schools throughout society; and the transformation of all society into one huge classroom. But these three approaches —the reformed classroom, the free school, and the worldwide classroom— represent three stages in a proposed escalation of education in which each step threatens more subtle and more pervasive social control than the one it replaces.

I believe that the disestablishment of the school has become inevitable and that this end of an illusion should fill us with hope. But I also believe that

IVAN ILLICH is director of the Center for Intercultural Documentation (CIDOC) in Cuernavaca, Mexico, an educational organization devoted to discussion of ways for improving the cultural and social environment of the Latin American people. His most recent book, *Deschooling Society*, is being published this month by Harper & Row. Mr. Illich's first writing on education was published in *SR* (April 20, 1968). He considers this article the final formulation of his ideas in the field.

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the end of the "age of schooling" could usher in the epoch of the global schoolhouse that would be distinguishable only in name from a global madhouse or global prison in which education, correction, and adjustment become synonymous. I therefore believe that the breakdown of the school forces us to look beyond its imminent demise and to face fundamental alternatives in education. Either we can work for fearsome and potent new educational devices that teach about a world which progressively becomes more opaque and forbidding for man, or we can set the conditions for a new era in which technology would be used to make society more simple and transparent, so that all men can once again know the facts and use the tools that shape their lives. In short, we can disestablish schools or we can deschool culture.

In order to see clearly the alternatives we face, we must first distinguish education from schooling, which means separating the humanistic intent of the teacher from the impact of the invariant structure of the school. This hidden structure constitutes a course of instruction that stays forever beyond the control of the teacher or of his school board. It conveys indelibly the message that only through schooling can an individual prepare himself for adulthood in society, that what is not taught in school is of little value, and that what is learned outside of school is not worth knowing. I call it the hidden curriculum of schooling, because it constitutes the unalterable framework of the system, within which all changes in the curriculum are made.

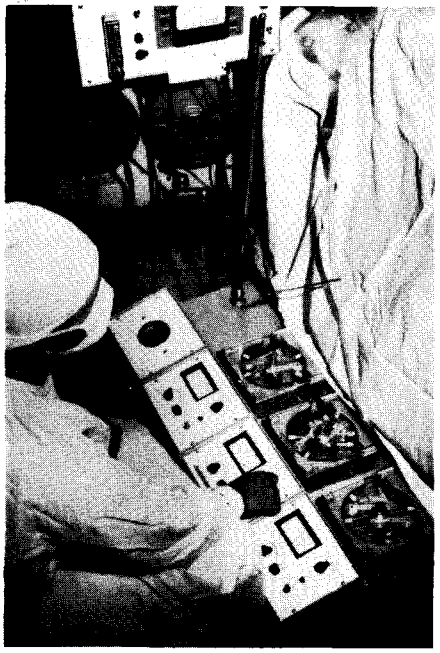
The hidden curriculum is always the same regardless of school or place. It requires all children of a certain age to assemble in groups of about thirty, under the authority of a certified teacher, for some 500 to 1,000 or more hours each year. It doesn't matter whether the curriculum is designed to teach the principles of fascism, liberalism, Catholicism, or socialism; or whether the purpose of the school is to produce Soviet or United States citizens, mechanics, or doctors. It makes no difference whether the teacher is authoritarian or permissive, whether he imposes his own creed or teaches students to think for themselves. What is important is that students learn that education is valuable when it is acquired in the school through a graded process of consumption; that the degree of success the individual will enjoy in society depends on the amount of learning he consumes; and that learning *about* the world is more valuable than learning *from* the world.

It must be clearly understood that the hidden curriculum translates learning from an activity into a commodity —for which the school monopolizes the market. In all countries knowledge is regarded as the first necessity for survival, but also as a form of currency more liquid than rubles or dollars. We have become accustomed, through Karl Marx's writings, to speak about the alienation of the worker from his work in a class society. We must now recognize the estrangement of man from his learning when it becomes the product of a service profession and he becomes the consumer.

The more learning an individual consumes, the more "knowledge stock" he acquires. The hidden curriculum therefore defines a new class structure for society within which the large consumers of knowledge—those who have acquired large quantities of knowledge stock—enjoy special privileges, high income, and access to the more powerful tools of production. This kind of knowledge-capitalism has been accepted in all industrialized societies and establishes a rationale for the distribution of jobs and income. (This point is especially important in the light of the lack of correspondence between schooling and occupational competence established in studies such as Ivar Berg's *Education and Jobs: The Great Training Robbery*.)

The endeavor to put all men through successive stages of enlightenment is rooted deeply in alchemy, the Great Art of the waning Middle Ages. John Amos Comenius, a Moravian bishop, self-styled Pansophist, and pedagogue, is rightly considered one of the founders of the modern schools. He was among the first to propose seven or twelve grades of compulsory learning. In his *Magna Didactica*, he described schools as devices to "teach everybody everything" and outlined a blueprint for the assembly-line production of knowledge, which according to his method would make education cheaper and better and make growth into full humanity possible for all. But Comenius was not only an early efficiency expert, he was an alchemist who adopted the technical language of his craft to describe the art of rearing children. The alchemist sought to refine base elements by leading their distilled spirits through twelve stages of successive enlightenment, so that for their own and all the world's benefit they might be transmuted into gold. Of course, alchemists failed no matter how often they tried, but each time their "science" yielded new reasons for their failure, and they tried again.

Pedagogy opened a new chapter in the history of Ars Magna. Education became the search for an alchemic process that would bring forth a new type of man, who would fit into an en-



—Photos by Photo Trends

Surgical equipment (left); language laboratory (right)—"The technocrat's claim to power is the stock he holds in some scarce and secret knowledge."

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vironment created by scientific magic. But, no matter how much each generation spent on its schools, it always turned out that the majority of people were unfit for enlightenment by this process and had to be discarded as unprepared for life in a man-made world.

Educational reformers who accept the idea that schools have failed fall into three groups. The most respectable are certainly the great masters of alchemy who promise better schools. The most seductive are popular magicians, who promise to make every kitchen into an alchemic lab. The most sinister are the new Masons of the Universe, who want to transform the entire world into one huge temple of learning. Notable among today's masters of alchemy are certain research directors employed or sponsored by the large foundations who believe that schools, if they could somehow be improved, could also become economically more feasible than those that are now in trouble, and simultaneously could sell a larger package of services. Those who are concerned primarily with the curriculum claim that it is outdated or irrelevant. So the curriculum is filled with new packaged courses on African Culture, North American Imperialism, Women's Lib, Pollution, or the Consumer Society. Passive learning is wrong—it is indeed—so we graciously allow students to decide what and how they want to be taught. Schools are prison houses. Therefore, principals are authorized to approve teach-outs, moving the school desks to a roped-off Harlem street. Sensitivity training becomes fashionable. So, we import group therapy into the classroom. School, which was supposed to teach everybody everything, now becomes all things to all children.

Other critics emphasize that schools make inefficient use of modern science. Some would administer drugs to make it easier for the instructor to change the child's behavior. Others would transform school into a stadium for educational gaming. Still others would electrify the classroom. If they are simplistic disciples of McLuhan, they replace blackboards and textbooks with multimedia happenings; if they follow Skinner, they claim to be able to modify behavior more efficiently than old-fashioned classroom practitioners can.

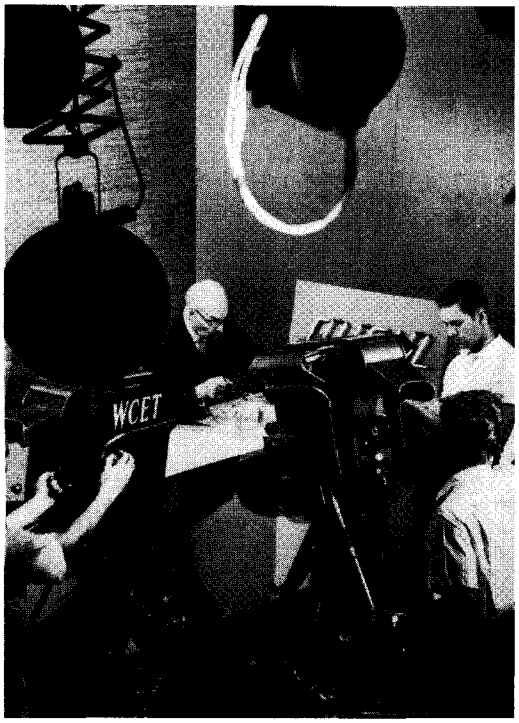
Most of these changes have, of course, some good effects. The experimental schools have fewer truants. Parents do have a greater feeling of participation in a decentralized district. Pupils, assigned by their teacher to an apprenticeship, do often turn out more competent than those who stay in the classroom. Some children do improve their knowledge of Spanish in the language lab because they prefer playing with the knobs of a tape recorder to conversations with their Puerto Rican peers. Yet all these improvements operate within predictably narrow limits, since they leave the hidden curriculum of school intact.

Some reformers would like to shake loose from the hidden curriculum, but they rarely succeed. Free schools that lead to further free schools produce a mirage of freedom, even though the chain of attendance is frequently interrupted by long stretches of loafing. Attendance through seduction inculcates the need for educational treatment more persuasively than the reluctant attendance enforced by a truant officer. Permissive teachers in a padded classroom can easily render their pupils impotent to survive once they leave.

Learning in these schools often remains nothing more than the acquisition of socially valued skills defined, in this instance, by the consensus of a commune rather than by the decree of a school board. New presbyter is but old priest writ large.

Free schools, to be truly free, must meet two conditions: First, they must be run in a way to prevent the reintroduction of the hidden curriculum of graded attendance and certified students studying at the feet of certified teachers. And, more importantly, they must provide a framework in which all participants—staff and pupils—can free themselves from the hidden foundations of a schooled society. The first condition is frequently incorporated in the stated aims of a free school. The second condition is only rarely recognized, and is difficult to state as the goal of a free school.

It is useful to distinguish between the hidden curriculum, which I have described, and the occult foundations of schooling. The hidden curriculum is a ritual that can be considered the official initiation into modern society, institutionally established through the school. It is the purpose of this ritual to hide from its participants the contradictions between the myth of an egalitarian society and the class-conscious reality it certifies. Once they are recognized as such, rituals lose their



—*Black Star*

TV studio (left) and mobile video-tape equipment in use (right)—"We must work toward a society in which scientific knowledge is incorporated in tools and components small enough to be within the reach of all."

—*Winston Vargas*

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power, and this is what is now beginning to happen to schooling. But there are certain fundamental assumptions about growing up—the occult foundations—which now find their expression in the ceremonial of schooling, and which could easily be reinforced by what free schools do.

Among these assumptions is what Peter Schrag calls the "immigration syndrome," which impels us to treat all people as if they were newcomers who must go through a naturalization process. Only certified consumers of knowledge are admitted to citizenship. Men are not born equal, but are made equal through gestation by Alma Mater.

The rhetoric of all schools states that they form a man for the future, but they do not release him for his task before he has developed a high level of tolerance to the ways of his elders: education *for* life rather than *in* everyday life. Few free schools can avoid doing precisely this. Nevertheless they are among the most important centers from which a new life-style radiates, not because of the effect their graduates will have but, rather, because elders who choose to bring up their children without the benefit of properly ordained teachers frequently belong to a radical minority and because their preoccupation with the rearing of their children sustains them in their new style.

The most dangerous category of educational reformer is one who argues that knowledge can be produced and sold much more effectively on an open market than on one controlled by school. These people argue that most skills can be easily acquired from skill-models if the learner is truly interested in their acquisition; that individual entitlements can provide a more equal purchasing power for education. They demand a careful separation of the process by which knowledge is acquired from the process by which it is measured and certified. These seem to me obvious statements. But it would be a fallacy to believe that the establishment of a free market for knowledge would constitute a radical alternative in education.

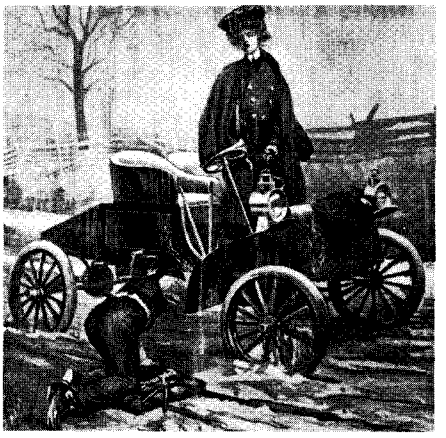
The establishment of a free market would indeed abolish what I have previously called the hidden curriculum of present schooling—its age-specific attendance at a graded curriculum. Equally, a free market would at first give the appearance of counteracting what I have called the occult foundations of a schooled society: the "immigration syndrome," the institutional monopoly of teaching, and the ritual of linear initiation. But at the same time a free market in education would provide the alchemist with innumerable hidden hands to fit each man into the multiple, tight little niches a more complex technocracy can provide.

Many decades of reliance on schooling has turned knowledge into a commodity, a marketable staple of a special kind. Knowledge is now regarded simultaneously as a first necessity and also as society's most precious currency. (The transformation of knowledge into a commodity is reflected in a corresponding transformation of language. Words that formerly functioned as verbs are becoming nouns that designate possessions. Until recently dwelling and learning and even healing designated activities. They are now usually conceived as commodities or services to be delivered. We talk about the manufacture of housing or the delivery of medical care. Men are no longer regarded fit to house or heal themselves. In such a society people come to believe that professional services are more valuable than personal care. Instead of learning how to nurse grandmother, the teen-ager learns to picket the hospital that does not admit her.) This attitude could easily survive the disestablishment of school, just as affiliation with a church remained a condition for office long after the adoption of the First Amendment. It is even more evident that test batteries measuring complex knowledge-packages could easily survive the disestablishment of school—and with this would go the compulsion to obligate everybody to acquire a minimum package in the knowledge stock. The scientific measurement of each man's worth and the alchemic dream of each man's "educability to his full humanity" would finally coincide. Under the appearance of a "free" market, the global village would turn into an environmental womb where pedagogic therapists control the complex navel by which each man is nourished.

At present schools limit the teacher's competence to the classroom. They prevent him from claiming man's whole life as his domain. The demise of school will remove this restriction and give a semblance of legitimacy to the life-long pedagogical invasion of everybody's privacy. It will open the way for a scramble for "knowledge" on a free market, which would lead us toward the paradox of a vulgar, albeit seemingly egalitarian, meritocracy. Unless the concept of knowledge is transformed, the disestablishment of school will lead to a wedding between a growing meritocratic system that separates learning from certification and a society committed to provide therapy for each man until he is ripe for the gilded age.

For those who subscribe to the technocratic ethos, whatever is technically possible must be made available at least to a few whether they want it or not. Neither the privation nor the frustration of the majority counts. If cobalt treatment is possible, then the city of Tegucigalpa needs one apparatus in each of its two major hospitals, at a cost that would free an important part of the population of Honduras from parasites. If supersonic speeds are possible, then it must speed the travel of some. If the flight to Mars can be conceived, then a rationale must be found to make it appear a necessity. In the technocratic ethos poverty is modernized: Not only are old alternatives closed off by new monopolies, but the lack of necessities is also compounded by a growing spread between those services that are technologically feasible and those that are in fact available to the majority.

A teacher turns "educator" when he adopts this technocratic ethos. He then acts as if education were a technological enterprise designed to make man fit into whatever environment the "progress" of science creates. He seems blind to the evidence that constant obsolescence of all commodities comes at a high price: the mounting cost of



—*Bettmann Archive*

"Technological progress provides most people with gadgets they cannot afford and deprives them of tools they need."

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training people to know about them. He seems to forget that the rising cost of tools is purchased at a high price in education: They decrease the labor intensity of the economy, make learning on the job impossible or, at best, a privilege for a few. All over the world the cost of educating men for society rises faster than the productivity of the entire economy, and fewer people have a sense of intelligent participation in the commonweal.

A revolution against those forms of privilege and power, which are based on claims to professional knowledge, must start with a transformation of consciousness about the nature of learning. This means, above all, a shift of responsibility for teaching and learning. Knowledge can be defined as a commodity only as long as it is viewed as the result of institutional enterprise or as the fulfillment of institutional objectives. Only when a man recovers the sense of personal responsibility for what he learns and teaches can this spell be broken and the alienation of learning from living be overcome.

The recovery of the power to learn or to teach means that the teacher who takes the risk of interfering in somebody else's private affairs also assumes responsibility for the results. Similarly, the student who exposes himself to the influence of a teacher must take responsibility for his own education. For such purposes educational institutions—if they are at all needed—ideally take the form of facility centers where one can get a roof of the right size over his head, access to a piano or a kiln, and to records, books, or slides. Schools, TV stations, theaters, and the like are designed primarily for use by professionals. Deschooling society means above all the denial of professional status for the second-oldest profession, namely teaching. The certification of teachers now constitutes an undue restriction of the right to free speech: the corporate structure and professional pretensions of journalism an undue restriction on the right to free press. Compulsory attendance rules interfere with free assembly. The deschooling of society is nothing less than a cultural mutation by which a people recovers the effective use of its Constitutional freedoms: learning and teaching by men who know that they are born free rather than treated to freedom. Most people learn most of the time when they do whatever they enjoy; most people are curious and want to give meaning to whatever they come in contact with; and most people are capable of personal intimate intercourse with others unless they are stupefied by inhuman work or turned off by schooling.

The fact that people in rich countries do not learn much on their own constitutes no proof to the contrary. Rather it is a consequence of life in an environment from which, paradoxically, they cannot learn much, precisely because it is so highly programed. They are constantly frustrated by the structure of contemporary society in which the facts on which decisions can be made have become elusive. They live in an environment in which tools that can be used for creative purposes have become luxuries, an environment in which channels of communication serve a few to talk to many.

A modern myth would make us believe that the sense of impotence with which most men live today is a consequence of technology that cannot but create huge systems. But it is not technology that makes systems huge, tools immensely powerful, channels of communication one-directional. Quite the contrary: Properly controlled, technology could provide each man with the ability to understand his environment better, to shape it powerfully with his own hands, and to permit him full intercommunication to a degree never before possible. Such an alternative use of technology constitutes the central alternative in education.

If a person is to grow up he needs, first of all, access to things, to places and to processes, to events and to records. He needs to see, to touch, to tinker with, to grasp whatever there is in a meaningful setting. This access is now largely denied. When knowledge became a commodity, it acquired the protections of private property, and thus a principle designed to guard personal intimacy became a rationale for declaring facts off limits for people without the proper credentials. In schools teachers keep knowledge to themselves unless it fits into the day's program. The media inform, but exclude those things they regard as unfit to print. Information is locked into special languages, and specialized teachers live off its retranslation. Patents are protected by corporations, secrets are guarded by bureaucracies, and the power to keep others out of private preserves—be they cockpits, law offices, junkyards, or clinics—is jealously guarded by professions, institutions, and nations. Neither the political nor the professional structure of our societies, East and West, could withstand the elimination of the power to keep entire classes of people from facts that could serve them. The access to facts that I advocate goes far beyond truth in labeling. Access must be built into reality, while all we ask from advertising is a guarantee that it does not mislead. Access to reality constitutes a fundamental alternative in education to a system that only purports to teach *about* it.

Abolishing the right to corporate secrecy—even when professional opinion holds that this secrecy serves the common good—is, as shall presently appear, a much more radical political goal than the traditional demand for public ownership or control of the tools of production. The socialization of tools without the effective socialization of know-how in their use tends to put the knowledge-capitalist into the position formerly held by the financier. The technocrat's only claim to power is the stock he holds in some class of scarce and secret knowledge, and the best means to protect its value is a large and capital-intensive organization that renders access to know-how formidable and forbidding.

It does not take much time for the interested learner to acquire almost any skill that he wants to use. We tend to forget this in a society where professional teachers monopolize entrance into all fields, and thereby stamp teaching by uncertified individuals as quackery. There are few mechanical skills used in industry or research that are as demanding, complex, and dangerous as driving cars, a skill that most people quickly acquire from a peer. Not all people are suited for advanced logic, yet those who are make rapid progress if they are challenged to play mathematical games at an early age. One out of twenty kids in Cuernavaca can beat me at Wiff 'n' Proof after a couple of weeks' training. In four months all but a small percentage of motivated adults at our CIDOC center learn Spanish well enough to conduct academic business in the new language.

A first step toward opening up access to skills would be to provide various incentives for skilled individuals to share their knowledge. Inevitably, this would run counter to the interest of guilds and professions and unions. Yet, multiple apprenticeship is attractive: It provides everybody with an opportunity to learn something about almost anything. There is no reason why a person should not combine the ability to drive a car, repair telephones and toilets, act as a midwife, and function as an architectural draftsman. Special-interest groups and their disciplined consumers would, of course, claim that the public needs the protection of a professional guarantee. But this argument is now steadily being challenged by consumer protection associations. We have to take much more seriously the objection that economists raise to the radical socialization of skills: that "progress" will be impeded if knowledge—patents, skills, and all the rest—is democratized. Their argument can

(*Continued on page* 59)

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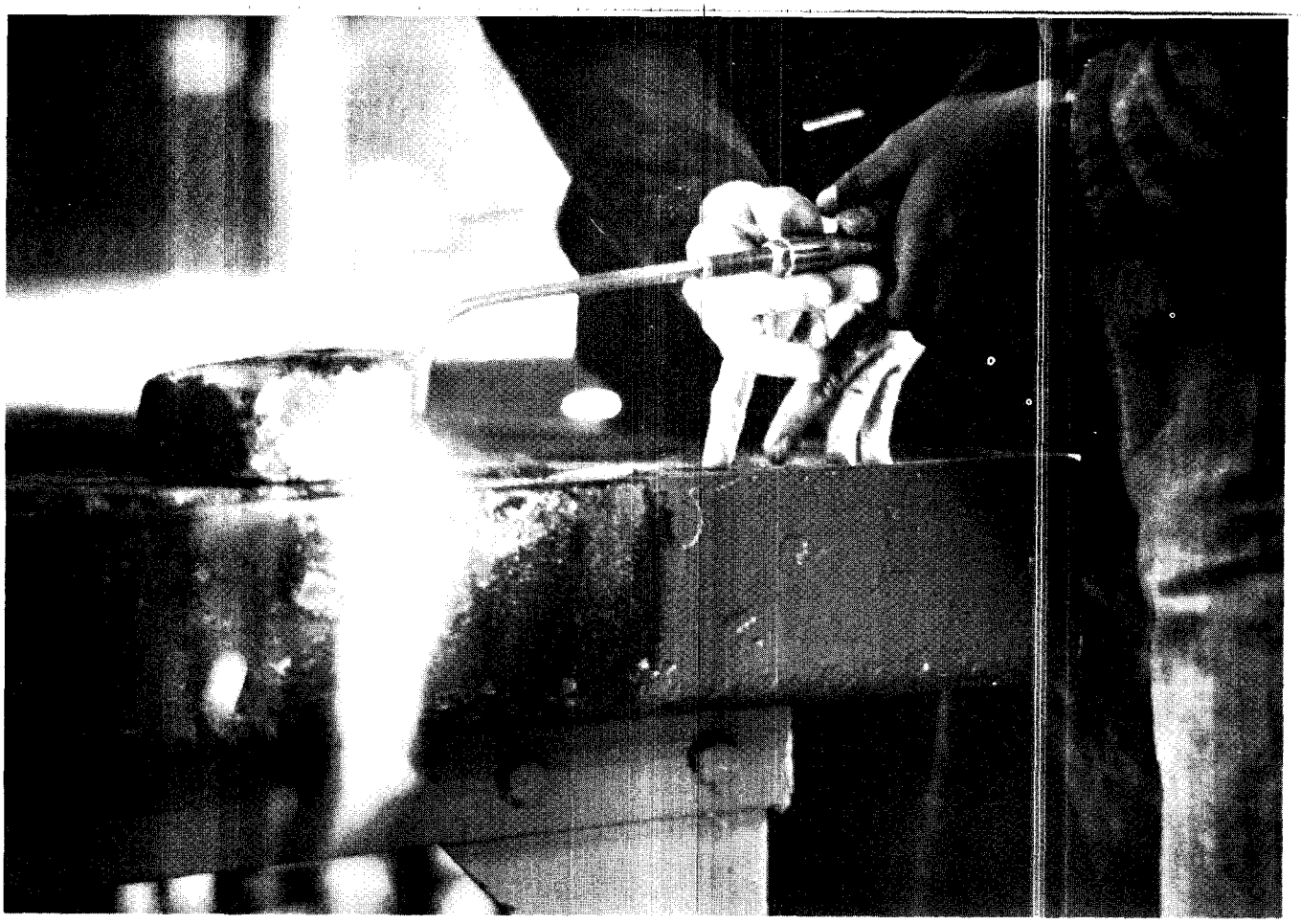

—George W. Gardner

"The boys were silent again, speaking only with their fingers on the metal apparatus locked in the vice."

IN THE CAR SHOP

by THOMAS J. COTTLE

The iron gates of the Boys Technical High School made the old building resemble a prison. "Don't look so good, of course," an assistant principal had explained, "but let's face it, we leave this place open, unguarded, they'll take everything that's not nailed down!" Still, it's often hard to believe that anything bad could ever erupt from the guys that attend classes here. To be sure, their swaggering and bragging and jiving reveal the tension they hold, but those attitudes don't imply that trouble logically would result. And yet, somewhere in these schools, in these billions of American schools, lurk the teachers who hurt and the administrators who hurt and the students, too, who hurt; all of them secret warriors laying claim to the authority, power, and "turf" of a fenced-in technical high school.

"I'll show you where it is," Andy said to me, referring to the auto mechanic shop. His voice was so low and his speech so tired and worn, I wondered whether perhaps he was in the throes of some kind of drug trip. Eight boys had been expelled two weeks before. Andy's gait and sullen stares were convincing me that either he was "strung out" or that the place, the ambience—the walls and floors and lighting, the way the doors swung open and closed, the paint colors, the texture of the building materials, the moods and floor tiles, the broken windows and faulty heating system, the dank basement shop rooms, the putrid smells in the locker areas and gym, the stench of the latrines, the rusted fence, and the ugly frozen grounds, everything—had finally tapped the very physiology of the 1,800 boys who attend this institution. I'm telling you, I said to the unseen character who invariably appears when I visit schools like these—and prisons and mental hospitals and certain factories, too—you'd have to pay me one helluva lot of money to attend this place. And as always, he would answer me, you aren't kidding, man. This place, buddy boy, you can have. Me, I got no fascination with poverty areas and grundgy high schools. Give me suburban living, trees and grass and lovely schools. . . .

"Down this corridor at the end on the left," Andy was pointing for me.

"Thanks, Andy. I appreciate it."

He responded in his flat, dull way. I watched him walk down the corridor in the direction from which we had come. He seemed disconnected from time.

The noise in the "car shop" was excruciating. Lathes, drill presses, table and band saws for wood, and hand drills at several workbenches were running simultaneously. The men in the shop, even those standing two feet apart, yelled their messages at one another. On a wall near the entrance, the boys' coats and hats hung on colored enamel hooks. Leather and suede jackets with belted backs and a few motorcycle studded ones as well, hunched side by side. Quite a change from the lockered corridors where, even with combination locks, everyone at one time or another had experienced a theft. Here, everything was in the open. Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three guys working away at

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2:00 on a Thursday afternoon, with the weather outside barely visible through the ceiling-high half windows, finally giving into spring.

"How's it going?" I yelled into Bobby Richmond's ear.

"Beautiful, man, if you dig radiator lattices."

"If I dig *what*?" I yelled back.

"Radiator lattices, man. *Grills* to you," he yelled, his gorgeous smile telling me that I had no business in the world being here with him and his colleagues.

"You ever look inside your car, Tom?" Phil Fannion screamed at me as Bobby hammered on a gray metal plate with a two-pound hammer and a large chisel.

"Of course. What do you think, I'm a city dude?" I came back, eager to reveal my ignorance.

"That's *exactly* what I think you are." Phil laughed and turned to Bobby to relay the interchange. Bobby's face exploded joy on hearing the punch line. He looked up at me, still leaning over his work, laughing and shaking his head from side to side. What are we ever going to do with this city dude? was written all over his face.

Gorgeous shots in here. It was a marvelous feeling, better than I had known in a school for a long time. Men at work, all but two of them students, engaged in real products that you could see take shape. Many of the boys were sweating. Sawdust cemented by perspiration caked the faces and thin stocking caps of those working the lathes and saws. In the area of the room where the mechanical equipment was mounted to the floor, everyone wore protective goggles, some tinted light orange to maximize light. The two instructors, wearing long, gray smocks, moved among the workbenches checking, inspecting, demanding changes or reformulations of design, and staring intently at blueprints or drafting sketches for clues to major hitches.

To Bobby, Mr. Thackery advised: "I'd place your rivets four inches apart, plus or minus an eighth. But you're gonna have to watch the casing here and here 'cause the support brackets may not hold the force of the press later on."

"What about a metal shim to enclose the edges for more support?" Bobby yelled above the noise.

"No go," was the response. "Do that and you have no opening for the lock cylinder and drain. Even if you could, you'd never get a two-inch bit inside the casing once the support was soldered."

It made sense to the student. A minute of technical talk and he and Phil had all the advice and encouragement they would need until the following week when the next stage of the radiator casing would be ready for assembly. No authority issue; merely consultation with a professional. Tangible problems bring tangible solutions and, hence, progress. The boys were silent again, speaking only with their fingers from time to time on the metal apparatus locked in a bench vice.

I had come to know these boys only slightly, though considerably better than the others in the shop. Both were doing poorly in their academic courses. In math, a teacher was despairing over thirty-eight "pathetic mentalities," as he called them, and bemoaning his fate of having to teach them. In English, another teacher presumably had forsaken literature and was spending the time "making politics" as Bobby referred to it. Discussions centered about the Panthers, union organizing, what high school students can do.

"Usually, Pearson [Frederick Pearson, the English teacher] just tells us the only problem we face is just being black, but because you were here he didn't say it today," Phil explained to me. "Sometimes I don't mind all the political stuff, but sometimes it's one helluva drag. What the hell good is it this cat tellin' us we're black? If we don't know that, who does?"

" 'Nother thing," Bobby went on, "is that Pearson and Mullahy and these other cats really don't like most of the guys 'round here."

"He's right," Phil nodded.

"You know, they used to have this stud Grimshaw, or somethin' like that. When you'd wise off in shop, he'd just whup you. Right in front of everyone."

"You ever see that?" I asked.

"Yeah, once," Phil replied. "Clemie Treevin's older brother, I can't think of his name, but he was messin' around right where we were at today. And old man Grimshaw first threatens to chop his finger off on the band saw. He's goin' round saying, "I think I'll just take the tip off this guy's little pinkie.' Showin' everybody, too. Man, you shoulda seen Treevin. Man, he was petrified silly."

"I'm getting sick just hearing about this," I said.

"You and me both," said Bobby. Phil smiled.

"I ain't kiddin' you, man. That's what he did. I saw it myself. Finally, he just gave him a couple whacks on his ass and told Treevin he'd throw him out of school if he ever did something like that again. Tom, you don't like the noise in the shop? Well, you could hear a pin drop that day. But they got rid of that guy. One month he was fired. Bam, he was gone. Just like that. Only good thing they ever done round here."

"You like the new guys, Phil?"

"Yeah. They're all right. Give you trouble once in a while, but mostly, like, it's all right."

"Yeah, it's all right," Bobby concurred. "Could be worse, I s'pose."

"But you like the machine shop, don't you?"

"Sure."

"I mean, it's . . . school's good during those hours, isn't it?"

"Yeah, you ain't kiddin'. I wish all day I could just stay down there and do my work," Phil responded.

"Yeah. That'd be a groove," Bobby said. "But then it wouldn't be school, would it?"

"Say it, brother."

"Yeah," I said, "I guess you're right. It probably wouldn't be school. Funny. . . ."

"You know you're some kind of heavy cat for a honkie," Bobby grinned at me. "Some heavy cat."

"What d'you mean?"

"Well, you know, worryin' about us that way and our school. You never went to no school like this, did you? You probably never spent that much time in a car shop before, right?"

"That's right."

"And you're worryin' about us."

"He ain't worryin, man. He's studyin' us. Ain't that right, man?"

"Yeah. I'm filming you."

"Yeah, so where's your camera supposed to be?"

"In my mind."

"I tell you, Phillie, this here's one helluva strange cat. You're a strange cat, Thomas my boy." We all laughed then and pounded one another's shoulders and arms.

"You're pretty cute yourself," I dared.

"Hey now, careful, man. We ain't that close, 'sweetie boy,' " Phil defended.

"I *knew* it," Bobby was shaking his head.

"You gonna be here tomorrow, Tom?" Phil was asking. Bobby had already started to walk away, his shoulder brushing up against the tall iron fence.

"I leave tonight. I've got to get home."

"Yeah, I figured." Overhearing us, Bobby suddenly returned.

"You gonna come back?"

"I hope so, but I don't know when."

"Hey, we should exchange addresses. You got some paper?"

"Yeah. Here. Tom, you gotta pencil?"

"Good."

"Where the hell's my ball-point pen?"

"Yeah. Good. Here, you can write on this book."

"Where? Here all right?"

"Must have left it in my locker."

"Can you read my writing?"

"Sure, fine."

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"No trouble."
"Great. Here. How's that?"
"Beautiful."
"Perfect. So . . . O.K."

How many times had this scene been portrayed? It was like a train station parting. All of the political anger, the racial differences, and the age disparities vanished in the exchange, really, of autographs and people connecting, even when they know that so much of what society is and stands for keeps them distanced, keeps their unborn children distanced as well. Always the exchange of addresses and the promise to let them see a manuscript should one get written. Always the remarks like, I'll protect you by disguising your identity, and their ingenuous insistence that they want no "aliases" but, instead, seek all the fame and notoriety an article might fetch. Then they walk back into the streets, and I leave their city.

Bobby Richmond's father was killed in a car accident. He, his mother, and four sisters now live in a nearby housing project. A year ago, Yvonne, his oldest sister, was raped in the boys' locker room by a man whose identity is still not public knowledge. Some folks insist it was a teacher; others say one of the school's policemen. Soon afterward she quit school. Another sister, Arlene, withdrew from high school in the tenth grade. Her pregnancy left no doubt in the minds of the school board. What bothered her most of all was that some local social workers urged her to have an abortion. "They couldn't understand why I wanted my baby more than all the schooling in the world."

Phil Fannion never knew his father. Matthew Josiah Fannion, Jr., was dead or had disappeared—Phil continues to doubt the veracity of the death story—by the time Phil was born, the youngest son of Matthew and Louise Parker Fannion. Both of Phil's brothers had been active members in a neighborhood gang, one of them having been seriously knifed in the groin during a fight with a member of his own gang. Three times his mother had almost died of renal failure, the last time the pains becoming so severe her cries could be heard in the Richmonds' apartment all the way across the project. In the middle of the night, two policemen came and took her in an ambulance to the County Hospital, the attendants there muttering things like, "If she makes it it'll be a miracle." Phil didn't miss one day of school. "I had no place else to go," he sighed. "I sure wasn't any good to anyone anywhere."

Neither boy feels he has any business being in school. "It just keeps me from my job," Bobby said. Both work, and school means "seven hours wasted when eight, ten, fifteen bucks are waitin' to be earned." Car shop, however, is different. The boys like their work. The clock is rarely watched, and, strangely, nothing is ever stolen from the jackets that hang from the enamel hooks as easy prey. Most of the boys prefer sports, obviously, but the car shop is a good second choice.

It's a physical world melded together by special cognitive skills and an exact, scientific language of labor, assemblage, and construction. There is music and dance and beauteous liberation in that shop. Wood is carefully touched, its straight edges lined up by eye, the timbre of metal listened for, its smoothness felt. Mouths store Phillips Screws or hold the ends of string, and pockets are filled with nails, knives, tape measures, and screw drivers.

It's like the principal says: "The kids are learning a trade. It's good for them. Can't everybody go to college, you know. But this is very important for these disadvantaged youths. You'll see what I mean when you visit down there. Andy here will show you where to go. Understand you've been talking with Richmond and Fannion?"

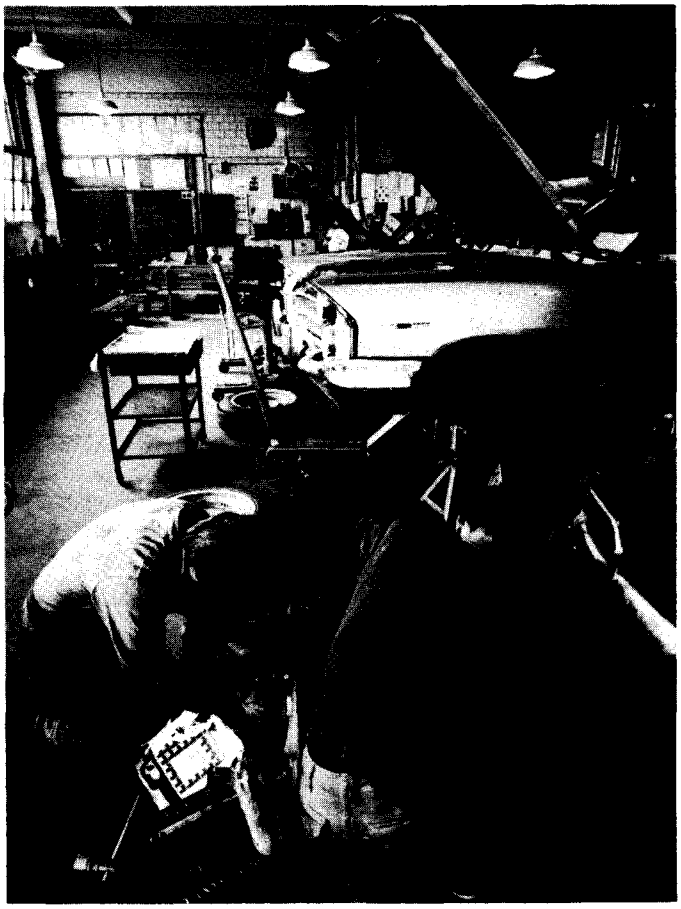
"Yes, sir."

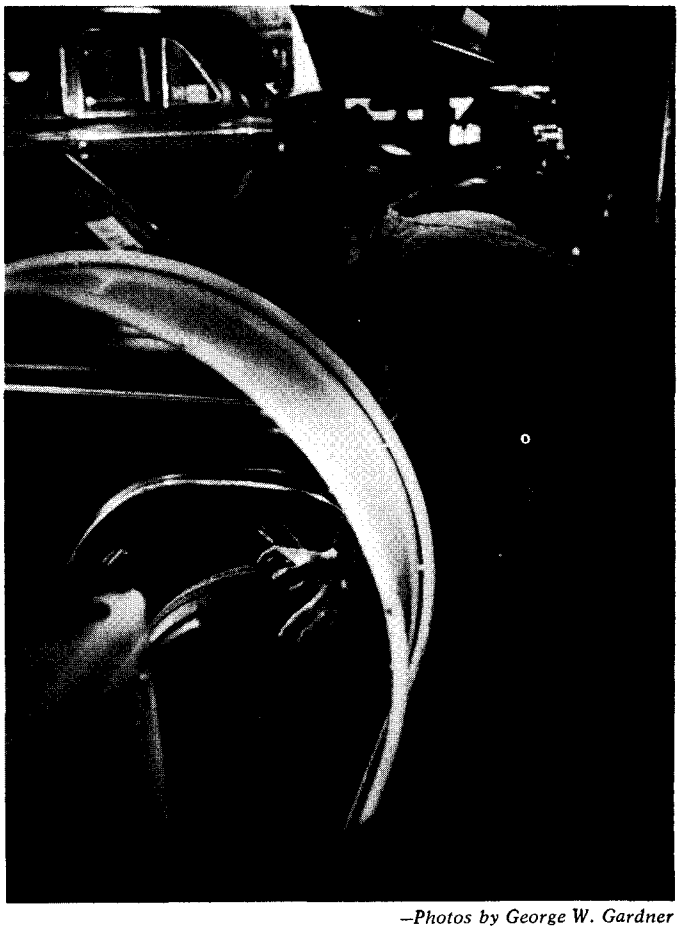
"Dangerous boys. Dangerous boys. Wish we could separate them. Violent. You pick that up yet?"

"No. Not yet."

"Well, you will. Violent. Regular

(*Continued on page* 60)





—Photos by George W. Gardner

"It's a physical world melded together by special cognitive skills and the scientific language of labor."

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Schools Make News

Unionizing College Faculties

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING, unions, and external professional associations, dismissed as "unprofessional" by college and university faculties as recently as 1967, are gaining a new foothold in the upper reaches of academe. Pressured by the shrinking economy, by student demands to share decision-making power, by legislative and public ire, and by the widespread attack on the principle of academic tenure, professors are taking a fresh look at ways to protect their interests. On a growing number of campuses, the National Education Association (NEA) and the American Federation of Teachers (AFT) are seriously challenging academic senates and the American Association of University Professors (AAUP), traditional guardians of faculty concerns.

At public institutions, especially two-year colleges and four-year colleges that evolved from teacher-training institutes, the NEA and AFT have gained widespread acceptance in the past two years. Each organization has established divisions to deal specifically with higher education. Until recently, the AFT's stronghold has been in two-year colleges, but it now represents five state colleges in Massachusetts, Southeastern Massachusetts University, Bryant College in Rhode Island, and the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy. Last month, it won faculty elections at Pratt Institute and at two campuses of Long Island University.

Israel Kugler of United Federation of College Teachers—Unions come to campus.

The NEA has made greater headway in four-year public institutions and is the faculty's bargaining agent on campuses in Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. Recently it won a contract for the faculty of the New Jersey state college system and, in a major victory over the AFT, became the bargaining agent for the State University of New York.

Last year's decision by the National Labor Relations Board to assume jurisdiction at private institutions with incomes of at least $1-million has accelerated the movement toward collective negotiations. The AAUP has reluctantly endorsed the tactics of collective negotiations and has won contracts at several colleges, the most notable being Rutgers University. The AAUP retains a far larger membership than either the NEA or the AFT. Professors, particularly those at the more prestigious universities, tend to associate collective bargaining with public school teachers and blue-collar workers. Moreover, their concern to protect salaries and working conditions is offset by the fear of losing their roles in university and academic governance.

This question is critical in a legal battle launched last month between Fordham University and the AAUP. Fordham, in challenging the NLRB's jurisdiction over private institutions, argues also that faculty members, because of their role in hiring and firing colleagues and in determining academic policy, are in effect managers and cannot be included in the bargaining unit. A ruling is expected sometime this summer.

Busing: The North Reports

BUSING can be used effectively to combat Northern de facto segregation and to improve the learning ability of both white and minority students, according to two reports released last month by the Center for Urban Education, on the busing experiences of Berkeley, California, and Hartford, Connecticut.

In September 1968, Berkeley desegregated its elementary schools by a massive, two-way, cross-town busing strategy, becoming the first city of its size and racial composition to be totally integrated. The report found that many negative results expected by critics across the country did not occur. Whites did not leave the community, but remained interested and active in the schools. There was no high teacher turnover rate; in fact, teacher applications increased. And SAT reading scores show that white, black, and Asian students made better progress after desegregation.

The report found that at first there was considerable tension among the students and more than the normal number of fights. Increasingly, there are signs that after living with desegregation, the races are accepting each other and forming friendships; there are fewer discipline problems, and students are electing racially balanced student councils. The report concludes, however, that the long-range social integration of blacks and whites has not yet occurred.

The second report evaluates Hartford's "Project Concern," a metropolitan area plan, begun in 1966, to bus inner-city elementary children into nearby suburban schools.

The experiment was carefully monitored. The bused students were compared to non-bused control groups for changes in academic achievement, self-esteem, and anxiety. Results showed that the inner-city children "thrived intellectually and emotionally" in the white suburban schools. The ghetto students showed marked academic improvement on tests, especially in grades one through three. And far from downgrading the education of the white children, results on the Iowa Test of Basic Skills showed that whites in classes with Hartford students performed better than whites not in such classes.

In 1968, after the favorable results of the trial period, over 50 per cent of suburban parents voted to continue the project. This school year 1,275 children were bused into fifteen communities to attend 101 public, parochial, and private suburban schools.

The report is skeptical, however, about the long-range effect such a busing program can have on the problem of deterioration in the urban core. There are 8,400 children in Hartford's eight predominantly black and Puerto Rican elementary schools. There are neither places nor funds to bus all of these children into the suburbs. Moreover, while large numbers of children were bused out of ghetto schools, new children enrolled to take their places, leaving the problem of segregation in the city's schools as bad as ever. (These reports are available for $1.50 each from the Center for Urban Education, 105 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016.)

Minorities Still Underrepresented

DESPITE highly publicized recruitment efforts, black students today make up only 3 per cent of the average enrollment of predominantly white colleges

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and universities, according to the recent *Report on Higher Education* by a task force headed by Frank Newman of Stanford University. "The impression has sometimes been created," said the report, "that colleges are overcommitted to minorities and that quotas of 10 to 22 per cent are common. Yet, in fact, blacks as a percentage of total enrollment are barely holding their own."

A Ford Foundation report released late last month, *Minority Access to College* by Fred E. Crossland, found that four minority groups—blacks, Mexican-Americans, Puerto Ricans, and Indian Americans—comprised only 8 per cent of the 1970-71 freshman classes nationwide, whereas they constitute 15 per cent of the total population. Moreover, if the proportion of each minority group enrolled in college is to equal that of all other Americans (4.3 per cent), black enrollment must increase by 116 per cent, Puerto Rican by 225 per cent, Mexican-American by 330 per cent, and American Indian by 650 per cent.

Blacks have made wider inroads into the universities than the other minorities, said the report, but the number of black college students still has to be doubled to achieve parity with white students. The report concludes that it will be impossible for blacks and other minorities to "catch up" within a decade. Barriers of poor preparation, low test scores, and overwhelming financial costs, estimated at a billion dollars annually, prevent equal access. (The report is available from Schocken Books, 67 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016, for $1.95.)

To help minority students choose and finance a college education, the College Entrance Examination Board has published a directory of 829 colleges that offer special help to minority and low-income students. "A Chance to Go to College" tells which colleges accept nonacademic or equivalency high school diplomas, which generally waive application fees for poorer students, and which provide student aid covering tuition, fees, and room and board. Complimentary copies have been sent to high school guidance counselors; additional directories are available for $3 from College Entrance Examination Board, Box 592, Princeton, New Jersey.

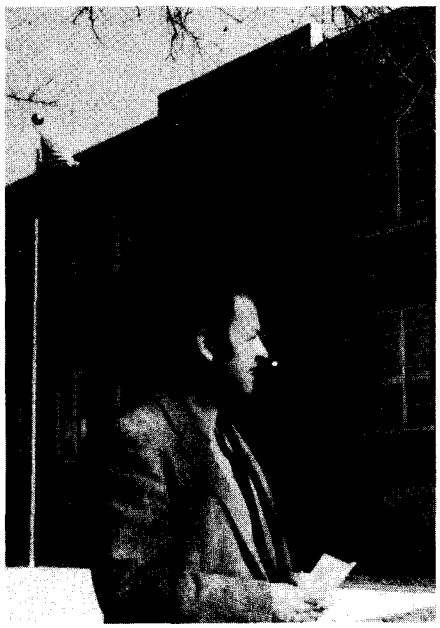
The Second Sex Tries Harder

THE MOVEMENT toward women's liberation is having its effect on university campuses and is opening closed doors. Harvard last month received a faculty report terming the number of women on the faculty "disgracefully small" and urging increased representation of women in the arts and science college. The University of Pennsylvania has elected its first women trustees, Jacqueline Wexler, president of Hunter College, and Marietta E. P. Tree, formerly with the American Mission to the United Nations. This year, for the first time, more than 500 women took Air Force and Army ROTC courses at 100 colleges. And the trend toward coeducation, so widespread two years ago, has slowed.

Chatham and Goucher colleges have decided not to admit men. A committee at Smith College, the nation's largest women's college with an enrollment of 2,500, last month recommended that Smith remain predominantly for women. Wellesley College's Board of Trustees voted down a proposal to admit 500 men as degree candidates, a recommendation made by a twenty-two-month study commission on the future of the college.

"In the last year, women have become more willing to consider the advantages of women's colleges and the part they have in developing the status and role of women in society," said George B. Mair, assistant to the president of Smith. In the 1969-70 academic year, both Smith and Wellesley students voted overwhelmingly for coeducation, but this year, in a similar poll, the students voted roughly 60 per cent in favor of keeping their colleges for women.

Within the last two years, Smith and Wellesley along with other institutions, notably Cornell and San Diego State, have established major women's studies programs. Barnard College last month announced plans to establish a new women's center in September to administer programs in women's studies, to devise new courses specifically for women in diverse fields, and to maintain a special library for research. Also, last month the State University of New York announced plans to establish a separate College of Women's Studies at Buffalo, to be funded initially at $35,000. Courses such as "Imperialism and Its Relation to Sexism" and "Women in the Labor Force" will be offered.



—*Intermountain Observer*

Citizens of Boise, Idaho, spent two weeks taking a hard look at schools.

Citizens Endorse Change

IN BOISE, IDAHO, an observer team composed of forty-nine volunteer citizens recently spent two weeks visiting their public schools. The experiment was sponsored by a local newspaper, *Intermountain Observer,* with the cooperation of the school administration. Businessmen, housewives, and union workers, representing a cross section of the community and ranging in age from nineteen to sixty, attended classes, ate cafeteria lunches, and talked with teachers, students, and principals. Their impressions show surprisingly broad support and concern for new ideas and change within the public school system.

One woman, viewing the open-space, team-teaching approach for the first time, said: "I will never again be satisfied with any other program. I did not see one unhappy child." Another member remarked on the initiative of a sixth-grade class where students organized their own day and conferences were substituted for grades. He quoted a student: "I hate grades. Conferences are better. A grade doesn't tell you what you need to work on."

But in another of Boise's twenty-four grade schools, the adults found more structure and impatient teachers. A citizen, viewing a class where the art work had all been done by the teacher, said: "Why can't children be children? Individuals who can get mad or excited. Who slop paint all over and laugh with delight. Who can annoy the hell out of any adult."

The community members were upset that many students didn't like school and found little joy in learning. One member noticed that the high school teachers always lectured to their classes, never letting the kids have discussions. Another opposed tracking (ability grouping) because, he said, "it seems to cause inferior feelings among students and takes away any desire to accomplish."

One team member summing up the feelings of the group declared, "Our schools are now doing a better job of what they always have been doing, but it still is not enough. One wonders if these schools will suffice in a rapidly changing world."

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Methodology for Revolution

PEDAGOGY OF THE OPPRESSED

by Paulo Freire

Herder and Herder, 186 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by David Harman

■ Publication of Paulo Freire's *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* in English contributes to the rapidly expanding roster of works on educational reform available to the reader of English a volume characterized by Ivan Illich as "truly revolutionary pedagogy."

Freire, a Brazilian deeply steeped in the culture, traditions, and experiences of his native country, developed his philosophy of education over a period of years during which he observed successive regimes and maintained intimate contact with rural peasants. "It should not be necessary to cite statistics to show how many Brazilians (and Latin Americans in general) are 'living corpses,' 'shadows' of human beings, hopeless men, women, and children victimized by an endless 'invisible war' in which their remnants of life are devoured by tuberculosis, schistosomiasis, infant diarrhea . . . by the myriad diseases of poverty . . . ," he writes. These unfortunates are the oppressed, and the regimes that perpetuate their condition are the oppressors. Freire's pedagogy of the oppressed is ultimately aimed at liberation and the establishment of a new order based on human dignity and freedom for all people, including the oppressors.

A methodology of adult education derived from the philosophy expounded in *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* was widely used in literacy campaigns conducted by Catholic groups in northeastern Brazil. The military regime that ascended to power following a coup in 1964 saw these programs as such a threat to the stability of the "old order" that they were summarily stopped and Freire was jailed. Following a seventy-day sentence, he went into voluntary exile, going first to Chile, where he worked with adult education programs sponsored by the Chilean Institute of Agrarian Reform, then to Harvard University, and finally to Geneva, where he currently serves as head of the Education Division of the World Council of Churches.

Underlying the pedagogy is the author's conception of the oppressed/oppressor relationship. In rather didactic terms Freire sketches a situation in which the dominating class seeks to perpetuate its stranglehold on the oppressed majority through a process of domination and "cultural invasion," typified by the imposition of the will of the dominators upon all aspects of the human condition. In consequence of the "injustice, exploitation, oppression, and violence of the oppressors," man is "dehumanized." This "distortion of being fully human" causes the oppressed to become non-thinking pawns of the prevailing order. Freire sees "humanization" as "man's only true vocation" and all actions negating it as the dehumanization of both oppressed and oppressors. Freedom, the manifestation of humanization, is feared by both groups, for the oppressed, by internalizing the image of their oppressors, are afraid to embrace it, while the oppressors are fearful of losing their freedom to oppress. Indeed, asserts Freire, what is often accepted as revolution—the exchanging of one regime for another under the pretext of liberation—may, in effect, merely signify the establishment of a new group of oppressors employing the same techniques as the original oppressors.

Oppression also exists in the educational context. Its manifestation is in what Freire aptly labels "banking education" and is typified by schooling in which the student is perceived as an empty vault into which the teacher, in Procrustean fashion, deposits the "profundities" he is endowed with. Excessive questioning is discouraged, and assertion of individualism is stifled by an imposed notion of conformity. Education exists in the larynx of the teacher rather than in the mind of the pupil. Although Freire has a tendency to paint an overly black and white picture without allowing for any intermediate tones, many readers will find his description of oppressive education to be apt criticism of much of current classroom practice at all levels of education.

Revolution, for Freire the only solution to oppression, cannot be true revolution unless it is preceded by education—the education of the oppressed. The objectives of this education are the critical examination of the causes of oppression together with the inculcation of a fundamental belief in man's capacity to change world phenomena. The credo of the Freirian approach is contained in the term "contientização," a Portuguese word signifying a learning process involving the perception of social, political, and economic contradictions as well as the "action taken against the oppressive elements of reality." The educational methodology proposed is first and foremost dialogic. Traditional teacher-student relationships extant in the banking mode of schooling are supplanted by a student/teacher and teacher/student situation in which both participants (student/teachers) and coordinators (teacher/students) learn by engaging in dialogue. "Generative Themes," or actual life situations of the participants with which they can identify and through which they can examine their lives critically, serve as the starting points for dialogue. The themes are, in turn, generated by means of extensive research involving the "codification" of dialogue into a series of oral and visual presentations.

In other writings Freire develops a methodology of instruction for literacy programs for adults where the codifications form the basis for deriving "generative words." These words are taught phonetically so that over a relatively short period of time all letters of the alphabet and all possible syllabic combinations are learned. Freire claims that by using this approach he has succeeded in making groups of Brazilian peasants literate in thirteen weeks.

Basic to Freire's pedagogy is the adamant contention that illiteracy and underdevelopment are the results of oppression and do not detract in any way from the intellectual capacities and potentialities of those afflicted by them. All too often educators and adult literacy educators in particular lose sight of this truism. Perhaps the most

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significant pedagogical contribution contained in Freire's work consists of incorporating this affirmation into a coherent methodology in which the dialogic approach serves to create an atmosphere of equality in the learning situation between participants and instructors and to relate the acquired literacy skills to easily perceived functional problems.

Unfortunately, two preconditions for literacy to become a permanent and functional tool are that it be inculcated at a level applicable to the reading level requirements of available materials and that materials be available. Freire accounts for neither. His methodology does not include a post-literacy phase during which the basic literacy skills are reinforced, nor does it consider the fact that appropriate texts are rarely available. Thus, while the approach serves, in theory, to lay a sound base for a literacy program, the overall process is not brought to culmination.

In *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* literacy seems to play a minor role. Contientização, as a tool for revolution, and dialogue, as a means of communication between would-be revolutionaries and the oppressed, are of far greater significance. Freire recognizes the difficulties involved in inaugurating this type of education. Indeed, his own experience in Brazil is a glaring example of the possible hazards. Nevertheless, he offers little advice as to how it can be done, virtually admitting that it must be a clandestine undertaking. Che Guevara, often cited, is the example Freire offers of the type of leader necessary to inaugurate this educative process. The insistence, throughout the book, upon violent revolution as the only solution to oppression tends to obscure some of the more salient ideas pertaining to education and pedagogy. This is, perhaps, the book's greatest weakness.

Much of what Freire writes is universally applicable. Dissatisfaction with lockstepped frontal instruction as education is becoming increasingly widespread. Poor achievements in adult basic and literacy education have led, in recent years, to an extensive search for new, more relevant methodologies. To this search Freire has made important theoretical and methodological contributions. These contributions, however, need to be extracted and abstracted from what, in effect, should not be read as a "revolutionary pedagogy" but, rather, as a pedagogy for revolution.

David Harman is an associate in education at the Center for Studies in Education and Development, Harvard University.

STREET KIDS

by Larry Cole

Grossman Publishers, 180 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Piri Thomas

■ Many things have been written about youngsters of the streets, mostly by adults who have lacked the essence of personal involvement. Larry Cole ain't one of these.

I was a street kid, and I can relate *mucho* strong with this book. What is presented here is the voice inside the street kid that lets one read and hear what's there—what's the kick, the beef, the trouble from within. It is in his language, with his conception of beauty, with his poetic sense of values.

My contention is and has been that the basic problem with the ghetto adolescent is the lack of communication and understanding between him and the hypocritical adults in power. Trust and understanding are the important factors in a relationship between the boy and the adult, but the feeling of trust must be genuine, not affected or unearned. Kids have a power that allows them to sort out the phony from the "for real" adults. What has been written in *Street Kids* are *chevere corazon* (great heart) expressions of what the street kid feels.

Half of this book consists of Larry Cole's own impressions, observed from his vantage point as head of LEAP (Lower East Side Action Project), a dedicated storefront center in New York City. The other half contains counterpoint essays and pictures by the kids themselves.

They are yelling, these street kids, screaming their hopes and frustrations. Yet the lack of understanding, of communication, the seeming deafness of uncaring adults place them in a vacuum where their frantic cries are suppressed and their outraged dignity turns against a society that won't dig them, or can't. From the youngsters' notes come the rumbling and fomenting of their puzzled minds, the anger of their hearts, their sense of frustration at not being able to dig what's happening to their lives but having to rely on the small voices within that can lead them to either virtue or corruption. They cannot help the fact that the intense tempo of their kind of living is a mixture of 90 per cent emotion and 10 per cent reasoning.

They see that violence is a universal expression. These kids fight because it is the only way they know to be expressive. For them there seems to be no open market for their talent, and they are right. When I was a kid, I fought like all the rest and didn't really know why. Now I know. My fight was for acceptance, for pride and stature, for street glory, for understanding and the right to express the latent positive creative talents that were within me.

The youngsters of our ghettos have been promised help, denied it, promised it again, given a token of it, and been dropped again, practically forgotten, then remembered once more for political reasons. They who had dared to hope begin to lose that hope, and nothing is lost so profoundly as the hope you never had, which you found only to watch it slowly disappear again.

Chevere, adelante, Street Kids.

What more can I say about this most human book? What can I say about this man named Larry Cole—whom I've never met, but whose great work on the Lower East Side I know and whose love of all our children I dig—except that I have one more brother with *mucho corazon*. Regards to you and your wife. With humans like you, kids ain't gonna walk alone.

Damn, man, these beautiful kids are America's immortality. They are the ingredients of a multicolored rainbow that's gotta be allowed to light up a hate-filled country. They are the oasis in the middle of a desert made up of broken promises, some corrupt offi-

—The New York Times

"What is presented here is the voice inside the street kid."

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cials, crooked cops, and hung-down, up-tight racists.

To whoever reads *Street Kids*: Give honor to our kids and their poured-out feelings, and honor to the man who entwined himself with these kids with love and understanding. Together they have brought out the *muy chevere* truth of their *corazones* (hearts).

The most for real. . . .
The most trusting. . . .
The most hurt. . . .
The most brave. . . .
The most for dignity a-hustling. . . .
Walk tall or not at all. . . .

Piri Thomas—poet, painter, playwright —is the author of Down These Mean Streets. *He is presently completing a second book for Doubleday entitled* Savior, Savior, Hold My Hand *and is writing a screen treatment for the Third World Cinema.*

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE YOUNG

by Paul Lauter and Florence Howe

World, 399 pp., $8.50

HASSLING: TWO YEARS IN A SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOL

by Sylvia Berry Williams

Little, Brown, 271 pp., $6.95

A WORLD OF OUR OWN

by Peter S. Prescott

Coward-McCann, 400 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Henry S. Resnik

■ For several years now a vague but ominous phantom labeled "kids" has been haunting the collective imagination of the over-thirty straights—"adults," if you will, though these terms lose meaning upon closer inspection. The scary thing about kids, for so many people, is that they seem to be so markedly different from what kids used to be. They constantly talk about freedom; they smash things; they refuse to behave; and, worst of all, they often seem utterly possessed, irrational, some new kind of beings that none of us adults can really understand since we're not one of them. It may have something to do with filling in the tiny lines of the television image, McLuhan tells us. Whatever it is, the over-thirties don't have it, and the anger and fear are altogether genuine.

Here are three books that help to set the record straight. Each is by an author (or authors) who has had a fairly extensive and intense involvement with young people. In none of the three does one find the kid hysteria or kid hype so typical of would-be prophets and mass-media sloganeers. Yet the books are sobering. They suggest that although kids are not actually—not yet, at any rate—a totally new breed of Nietzschean *Übermensch*, the young people of today cannot possibly reproduce the ordered, sensible lives of their parents. They are creatures of the changing world they live in. While the parents fearfully cling to familiar patterns, the children thrash madly about in their search for a future.

At times the behavior of youth must inevitably resemble a conspiracy. It's no mere coincidence that all three books mention at some point the events of April 1968, a peak in the resistance to and protest against the Vietnam War. Both at Cubberley High School, in Palo Alto, California, where Sylvia Berry Williams was an English teacher, and at the Choate School, in Wallingford, Connecticut, where Peter Prescott was doing research for his book, students staged protests on the April 26 that shook their respective institutions to the very roots. And at about the same time, the buildings of Columbia were occupied by the young activists with whom Paul Lauter and Florence Howe so clearly sympathize. A nationwide conspiracy of youth? Only if one adds the mass media to the list of conspirators, for the media have given youth not only a means of establishing identity but a communications network to signal each new tremor of revolt. The unlimited access young people have to information explains more than any other single element of their lives why they're behaving as they are. Kids aren't Martians; they're merely well informed.

The title of Paul Lauter and Florence Howe's *The Conspiracy of the Young* is heavy with irony, for the real subject of this elaborate tirade is what one might properly call a conspiracy of the old. Lauter and Howe, both over thirty, have been hard-core movement activists for many years, and there are few people anywhere who have such a broad perspective on the idealistic, committed young. The authors have worked in Mississippi freedom schools, anti-war activities, and innumerable experiments in education, such as Upward Bound, and now they're both self-proclaimed radical college teachers in Maryland. For the last decade or more they have taught and worked with young people, and they share the dreams and hopes of the best.

Yet, the struggle has been a bitter one, consistently thwarted. Lauter and Howe's basic theme is that the system—schools, industry, government, courts—oppresses everyone, particularly the young, and continually resists change, for oppression is its most important product. Their documentation is exhaustive: Mississippi Summer; the Peace Corps; the free-university movement; the war; the drug scene; the schools; racism; sexism. In effect, *The Conspiracy of the Young* is a comprehensive history of modern radicalism; Lauter and Howe have been in the thick of it, and they write with the passion of total involvement. More often than not, they suggest, the fight has merely taught ever more bitter lessons. And in their final chapter, after quite properly denouncing the Nixon administration's recent plans for a voluntary national service organization for young people as blatantly co-optative, they point to several "alternative" structures—Vocations for Social Change, the underground press, the free schools —as the solidest hope for activists. These structures are more alienated from the mainstream than any of the activist organizations of the past, but there is at least some hope in them.

Committed radicals will probably greet *The Conspiracy of the Young* with a "right on" chorus, for it misses no opportunity to criticize the Establishment. Unfortunately, though, the authors' singlemindedness gives the book a blunt edge—it's a cudgel, when a rapier would have been more effective. Lauter and Howe are so relentlessly self-righteous, so completely without humor, that one grows weary of them even while cheering them on. Furthermore, they have relied too heavily on secondary sources, paraphrasing familiar themes from Goodman, Holt, and Friedenberg, for example, and directly quoting other people's books at length. *The Conspiracy of the Young* can be fascinating and immediate when its authors are writing about their own experiences, but it's rigidly didactic when they use other people's harangues to score points against the empire.

Hassling, subtitled *Two Years in a*

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Suburban High School, seems more like two books than one. The first is written with warmth, humor, and genuine compassion for the lives of teenagers and their teachers at Palo Alto's Cubberley High School. Starting in the late summer of 1967, the school succumbed to a wave of activism, part of a larger trend in the nation's secondary schools that we haven't yet seen the end of. With deft strokes, Sylvia Williams brings the setting and the participants—the student-body president who seems to have been elected solely because of his resemblance to Che Guevara, the straight kids in all their clean-cut California glory, the embattled principal—vividly to life. Her account of Cubberley's emerging United Student Movement and anti-war activities, the school administration's hardening opposition, and finally a school board decision designed to suppress dissent, is all the more engrossing for its perfect balance of objectivity and involvement. Williams sympathizes with the protesters, but her book is more a dramatic record than a polemic. The first part of her book, that is.

In the second half, which details the rise of black consciousness and black organization at Cubberley, the drug problem, and finally the highly charged dismissal of a radical young teacher, Williams loses her touch. This may be in part the effect of her admitted inability to identify fully with the blacks' dilemma, but it derives too from an increasing detachment from the events she describes. While her account of the 1967-68 school year has an intimacy and reality that suggest she was strongly involved at least as an observer, in writing about the second year she seems to have withdrawn. Much of the latter part of the book consists of secondhand information, and it leaves the impression of an endless series of boring meetings. Yet, in the long run, *Hassling* is well worth reading. It presents an exciting panorama of the high school upheaval.

At first, it's difficult to agree with Peter Prescott that "we need" the Choate School, a high-priced, elitist boarding school whose principal objective seems to be getting the sons of the rich into the most prestigious colleges. "We need it," Prescott writes, "and therefore it is worth our support, our study, our criticism. We need it to be better." Prescott is an alumnus—others include John Kennedy, Adlai Stevenson, Emil Mosbacher, Edward Albee, and Chester Bowles—and he is entitled to his opinion. One's immediate reaction, however, is not only that we don't need Choate but we don't need a book about Choate either. Yet, Prescott has produced a powerful, strongly reasoned critique of a singular American institution, and, in the end, one must be grateful. *A World of Our Own* is brilliantly done; it should become a classic.

Prescott spent roughly a year visiting Choate, and while he started with the objective of looking at the school as "a way of life," the nature of his mission quickly changed, for during the 1967-68 school year Choate, like Cubberley, entered a period of tumultuous upheaval. Several activist students, for example, organized an April 26 "silent vigil," generally interpreted as a gesture of opposition not just to the war but to the increasingly repressive attitudes of the school's unctuous headmaster, Seymour St. John, whom Prescott presents in such depth and with such unerring skill that he has created a portrait of lasting significance. Another of the year's landmarks was a poll, conducted by the students, that revealed the extent to which cigarettes and drugs were being used on campus, in obvious violation of the rules (St. John suppressed it). This was also the year in which one of the brightest seniors wrote an article for the school newspaper entitled "Why Yale Turned Cool on Choate." A year, in short, when the future of the school suddenly appeared terribly uncertain and when the headmaster, who emerges as a nearly tragic figure, was torn between maintaining the integrity of the institution, such as it was, and ensuring its survival through the support of wealthy, but conservative, alumni.

In addition to presenting these events with a rich sense of their drama, Prescott fulfills his original intention of describing the Choate way of life. He has, in fact, created a perfect image of this particular kind of school—best summed up in such remarkably candid observations as a student's "I don't think I ever met anybody at Choate who was really interesting" or a teacher's "You have to conform. . . . They say you don't. Maybe they mean it, but in general you have to conform around here or they'll break you." *A World of Our Own* is uncommonly good journalism.

In all three of these books, one realizes, the kids and their many adult supporters are essentially involved in one mutual effort. They find themselves confronted by huge, impersonal institutions—institutions that wage war in their name, oppress the poor throughout the world, ravage the land—and they feel helpless and powerless. They shout, they organize, they debate, they break glass. But one wonders if the institutions they oppose could ever change enough to satisfy them.

Henry S. Resnik is a free-lance journalist and teacher who writes frequently on education matters for SR.

REMEMBERING THE ANSWERS: Essays on the American Student Revolt

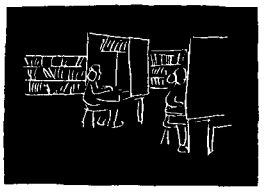
by Nathan Glazer

Basic Books, 311 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by John R. Everett

■ Nathan Glazer, presently a Harvard social scientist and formerly a professor at the University of California at Berkeley, has gathered together twelve of his essays and speeches written and delivered between 1961 and 1969. To a remarkable extent they hold together the way chapters do in a book about a single subject written by a first-rate author. The essays are not repetitious, and there is a clear development of the basic thesis that the student revolts here and in other countries had very little to do with the actual issues used by the radicals. The issues were incidental to the main purpose, which was to turn universities into handmaidens of those who would destroy the existing political, economic, and social institutions of society—in brief, to destroy them as centers of independent thought, research, and criticism.

The amazing fact about these essays is that Professor Glazer understood that his thesis was true from the very beginning of the revolts with the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley in 1964. While others, almost all others, were seeking the reasons in the nature of



university bureaucratization, the draft, the war in Vietnam, governmental grants for research, professors perfecting their skills in grantsmanship rather than teaching, racism, and all the rest, Professor Glazer knew that, important as some of these issues were, the radical students were using them with no intention of wanting to solve the problems involved in them. Near the end of his essay, "What Happened at Berkeley," written in December 1964, Glazer says, "I hope it is now clear why the issue on the Berkeley campus is not simply one of free speech. The immediate issue is the student demand that the university allow their facilities for full political action and give up its right to discipline them for what it considers improper use of these facilities." Very few academics, it seems, were reading with their eyes open.

The FSM was the opening battle in

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the United States of a major war that has not yet ended. It spread across the nation to Chicago, Columbia, Harvard, and other major and minor universities. As it crisscrossed the country, the war took on various shadings of violence from bombings to arson to outright murder. University campuses moved from the top of the list of prime insurance risks to the top of the list of high risks.

Every war has two sides—the aggressor and the defender. What were the defenders—the administrations, the great bulk of the serious students, and the professors—doing while the small group of hoodlum students tore things up? The facts force Glazer to record again and again that they were in such disarray that they sometimes joined the destroyers, sometimes just stood by and watched, sometimes tried to negotiate in good faith with those who were at the table in bad faith, sometimes tried to use reason and logic with those who only wanted to use passion and force, sometimes called the police too early or too late, but rarely understood the basic issue. It is a sorry record.

The tawdry nature of the bitter divisions in the faculties across the land makes Glazer's book gloomy reading for those who have had an unexamined faith in the supposed fact that professors not only know their fields but also are committed to academic freedom and to the independence of the university. Time after time some faculty members indicated that either they did not know the difference between a political university and a free one, or they wanted a political university, or they felt no concern one way or the other. Glazer makes it clear that the administrations have the same sad record.

The old battles regarding academic freedom were fought against the politicians who held the power of the state, the churchmen who held the power of salvation, and the businessmen who held the economic power. The professors and administrators and trustees knew what they were fighting for, and the enemy was clearly visible. Not all faculty members nor all administrators displayed the greatest courage possible, but at least they understood the issues and stood with a degree of unity against those who would try to control their right to generate knowledge and to teach as they saw fit what they honestly knew or thought they knew.

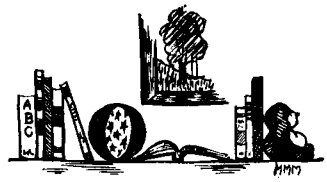
These battles were won mostly by an academic leadership that is now either retired or dead. The present faculties and administrations were not even of college age when the freedom of the universities in these United States was secured. Some were around during the period when Senator Joseph McCarthy tried to revive the battle with the politicians, but he did not get very far, and besides the Army got him before much institutional damage was done. Academic freedom as an issue seemed so dead by the early Sixties that not many professors, students, or administrators gave it much thought. Professors moved back and forth between campus and government, campus and industry, campus and foundations, and campus and about everything else with no apparent feeling that their citadels of freedom, their universities, would ever again be under attack. When the attack came from politically minded students it was possible, just possible, to excuse some of the academic world for not recognizing it for what it was. After this book no such excuse can be even possible.

A true academic community is based upon that most fragile of feelings, trust. Scholars must trust each other and their students and students must trust each other and their professors. From this trust flows a respect for each other's ideas and opinions and a deep desire to protect the right of each member of the community to express his views and debate with those who disagree.

Have the events of the Sixties shattered this community of trust beyond repair? Professor Glazer does not say. He only says that if the academic world continues to become more like the general outside world by using courts and lawyers to settle questions among internal political blocks, the destruction so devoutly sought by the hoodlum-type radicals will certainly be achieved.

Glazer was right at the beginning of the last decade, he was right as he wrote and spoke during the decade, and he was right at the end of the decade. If the university world will read this book, it just might bestir itself into searching for the bonds that can keep this great achievement of civilization alive and nurse it back to health. It will be a difficult task, but there is probably no more important one within the range of human competence. And everyone who tries will owe a large debt to this clearly reasoned, highly instructive, and brilliant set of essays.

John R. Everett is president of the New School for Social Research in New York City.



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Alternative to Schooling

Continued from page 48

be faced only if we demonstrate to them the growth rate of futile diseconomies generated by any existing educational system.

Access to people willing to share their skills is no guarantee of learning. Such access is restricted not only by the monopoly of educational programs over learning and of unions over licensing but also by a technology of scarcity. The skills that count today are know-how in the use of highly specialized tools that were designed to be scarce. These tools produce goods or render services that everybody wants but only a few can enjoy, and which only a limited number of people know how to use. Only a few privileged individuals out of the total number of people who have a given disease ever benefit from the results of sophisticated medical technology, and even fewer doctors develop the skill to use it.

The same results of medical research have, however, also been employed to create a basic medical tool kit that permits Army and Navy medics, with only a few months of training, to obtain results, under battlefield conditions, that would have been beyond the expectations of full-fledged doctors during World War II. On an even simpler level any peasant girl could learn how to diagnose and treat most infections if medical scientists prepared dosages and instructions specifically for a given geographic area.

All these examples illustrate the fact that educational considerations alone suffice to demand a radical reduction of the professional structure that now impedes the mutual relationship between the scientist and the majority of people who want access to science. If this demand were heeded, all men could learn to use yesterday's tools, rendered more effective and durable by modern science, to create tomorrow's world.

Unfortunately, precisely the contrary trend prevails at present. I know a coastal area in South America where most people support themselves by fishing from small boats. The outboard motor is certainly the tool that has changed most dramatically the lives of these coastal fishermen. But in the area I have surveyed, half of all outboard motors that were purchased between 1945 and 1950 are still kept running by constant tinkering, while half the motors purchased in 1965 no longer run because they were not built to be repaired. Technological progress provides the majority of people with gadgets they cannot afford and deprives them of the simpler tools they need.

Metals, plastics, and ferro cement used in building have greatly improved since the 1940s and ought to provide more people the opportunity to create their own homes. But while in the United States, in 1948, more than 30 per cent of all one-family homes were owner-built, by the end of the 1960s the percentage of those who acted as their own contractors had dropped to less than 20 per cent.

The lowering of the skill level through so-called economic development becomes even more visible in Latin America. Here most people still build their own homes from floor to roof. Often they use mud, in the form of adobe, and thatchwork of unsurpassed utility in the moist, hot, and windy climate. In other places they make their dwellings out of cardboard, oil-drums, and other industrial refuse. Instead of providing people with simple tools and highly standardized, durable, and easily repaired components, all governments have gone in for the mass production of low-cost buildings. It is clear that not one single country can afford to provide satisfactory modern dwelling units for the majority of its people. Yet, everywhere this policy makes it progressively more difficult for the majority to acquire the knowledge and skills they need to build better houses for themselves.

Educational considerations permit us to formulate a second fundamental characteristic that any post-industrial society must possess: a basic tool kit that by its very nature counteracts technocratic control. For educational reasons we must work toward a society in which scientific knowledge is incorporated in tools and components that can be used meaningfully in units small enough to be within the reach of all. Only such tools can socialize access to skills. Only such tools favor temporary associations among those who want to use them for a specific occasion. Only such tools allow specific goals to emerge in the process of their use, as any tinkerer knows. Only the combination of guaranteed access to facts and of limited power in most tools renders it possible to envisage a subsistence economy capable of incorporating the fruits of modern science.

The development of such a scientific subsistence economy is unquestionably to the advantage of the overwhelming majority of all people in poor countries. It is also the only alternative to progressive pollution, exploitation, and opaqueness in rich countries. But, as we have seen, the dethroning of the GNP cannot be achieved without simultaneously subverting GNE (Gross National Education—usually conceived

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SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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as manpower capitalization). An egalitarian economy cannot exist in a society in which the right to produce is conferred by schools.

The feasibility of a modern subsistence economy does not depend on new scientific inventions. It depends primarily on the ability of a society to agree on fundamental, self-chosen anti-bureaucratic and anti-technocratic restraints.

These restraints can take many forms, but they will not work unless they touch the basic dimensions of life. (The decision of Congress against development of the supersonic transport plane is one of the most encouraging steps in the right direction.) The substance of these voluntary social restraints would be very simple matters that can be fully understood and judged by any prudent man. The issues at stake in the SST controversy provide a good example. All such restraints would be chosen to promote stable and equal enjoyment of scientific know-how. The French say that it takes a thousand years to educate a peasant to deal with a cow. It would not take two generations to help all people in Latin America or Africa to use and repair outboard motors, simple cars, pumps, medicine kits, and ferro cement machines if their design does not change every few years. And since a joyful life is one of constant meaningful intercourse with others in a meaningful environment, equal enjoyment does translate into equal education.

At present a consensus on austerity is difficult to imagine. The reason usually given for the impotence of the majority is stated in terms of political or economic class. What is not usually understood is that the new class structure of a schooled society is even more powerfully controlled by vested interests. No doubt an imperialist and capitalist organization of society provides the social structure within which a minority can have disproportionate influence over the effective opinion of the majority. But in a technocratic society the power of a minority of knowledge capitalists can prevent the formation of true public opinion through control of scientific know-how and the media of communication. Constitutional guarantees of free speech, free press, and free assembly were meant to ensure government by the people. Modern electronics, photo-offset presses, time-sharing computers, and telephones have in principle provided the hardware that could give an entirely new meaning to these freedoms. Unfortunately, these things are used in modern media to increase the power of knowledge-bankers to funnel their program-packages through international chains to more people, instead of being used to increase true networks that provide equal opportunity for encounter among the members of the majority.

Deschooling the culture and social structure requires the use of technology to make participatory politics possible. Only on the basis of a majority coalition can limits to secrecy and growing power be determined without dictatorship. We need a new environment in which growing up can be classless, or we will get a brave new world in which Big Brother educates us all.

Car Shop

Continued from page 51

thing. Bad home life. No father around when the kids needed one. Always carrying knives or something. Caught Richmond last year carrying a gun. Believe that? [Absolutely not, I thought.] Fought like a bear to keep us from getting it. Had to call his mother in and everything. Trouble with these people is they don't even know what their kids are doing half the time. And if the parents can't help us out. . . . I mean they think we're running some kind of reform school here."

For a long while, I had forgotten the conversation with Anthony Maggio, the principal of "Boys Tech." "Tough Tony the Gouger," Bobby had called him. "Someday, man." Phil had smiled. I recall how our impressions of those boys had not been at all coincident. Just recently, however, our conversation became vivid again, prompted by the news that five boys from "Tech" had "turned the trick" on a filling station and were now headed for a state reform school: Beatty, John R.; Walker, Lawrence J.; Cleveland, Millard L.; Richmond, Robert E.; and Fannion, Phillip R. Car shop had saved them from the rooms and teachers upstairs. Certainly it had brought us together. It had permitted them to call me "honkie" and helped me to interpret that sound, for the moment, as a label of intimacy. But not too many schools can safeguard their students, especially those schools in which constraints are vicious and omnipresent.

The police report had described Robert Richmond as "carrying a gun and violent." He was the only one of the five charged with resisting arrest and assaulting an officer. One for "Tough Tony," zero for the social scientist. Do school personnel know their "own kind" best, or do they produce a certain kind just more easily knowable to themselves?

Enforced Work

Continued from page 19

ployment is often, but not always, the occasion for unrest. When unrest declines and unemployment contracts, welfare assumes the role of forcing people into the labor market. Definitions of eligibility are revised so that people who can work will not receive assistance.

Anyone with a capacity to suspend conventional wisdom (that is, anyone who will read beyond the first pages of *Regulating the Poor*) must find the argument plausible. The authors review the early history of relief-giving in England and the United States, our experience during the Depression and in the 1960s. As those with a radical thesis possibly must, Piven and Cloward strain for correspondences. For example, they point out that relief loads barely fluctuated in the late

Fifties, when large numbers of unemployed blacks remained relatively placid. But case loads increased sharply after 1964 because of unrest in connection with the war against poverty. I would read these figures somewhat differently, seeing a substantial and steady rise in case loads from the mid-1950s (for various reasons, including growing unemployment) which accelerated in the mid-1960s. This is to say that room must be allowed for the effects of growing affluence on our definition of need, of demographic changes, of a straightforward response to higher unemployment, and of lag in human response to changing conditions. Nevertheless, the material reviewed is powerfully persuasive. If social unrest and pressure to work are not the sole determinants of welfare case loads, they are shown to be major and possibly pre-eminent determinants.

A book such as this is obliged to offer solutions. The authors prefer an economy managed so as to provide well-paid employment for all who are able to work. They believe that in that context welfare could be made adequate for those who are unable to work. But Piven and Cloward do not expect the sweeping changes that genuine full employment would require, nor do they think a revitalization of the social security strategy is likely. They opt for the theory that "the explosion of the rolls is the true welfare reform, that it should be defended and expanded." Their book is an argument that such a reform will be tolerated only as an answer to widespread social turmoil.

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Obviously, Piven and Cloward believe —and it has to be conceded that there is evidence for their view—that we will not take other measures to prevent unrest. Therefore, a welfare explosion will be thrust upon us.

No one who watches welfare policy thoughtfully over a period of time can quite escape the feeling that the deliberate ambiguity of political leaders and the shallow approach of technicians serve purposes that those individuals may not grasp. It is these hidden and selfish designs that *Blaming the Victim* and *Regulating the Poor* expose. In the process, layers of the problem become clear. One is the dilemmas that confound such a welfare reform as has been proposed. A deeper layer is the view of who is at fault, implicit in a large, exceptionalistic program. Blaming the victim in turn supports and rationalizes a buried intent of welfare programs—to serve as a management device to enforce low-paid labor.

One may conclude, with Piven and Cloward, that huge welfare programs are necessary because universalistic solutions are not feasible politically. If so, progress must be bought with disorder. Thus we are not dealing simply with the arithmetic of an efficient welfare program, but with the choice between a cohesive or a divided nation. I think we must favor universalistic solutions, even, and indeed especially, to the point of yielding to poor people a greater share in our *basic* mechanisms for dividing up income. We must manipulate the economy to produce less rather than more unemployment, and provide useful public work for those who wish it. We must raise minimum benefit levels in social security more rapidly than those at the top and have a serious look at new social security programs that are needed —children's allowances and federal long-term unemployment insurance in particular. These constitute the anti-poverty arena of a nation that, whether humane or not, knows what is enlightened self-interest.

For the short term, it becomes clear that the welfare reform that we are being offered—a large, exceptionalistic program designed to enforce work—cannot succeed. This is a change in no fundamental way; one asserts that it is new merely to make it a little more palatable to the nation. Welfare reform pursued for these purposes and defined in this way is not possible. If the bill before Congress is enacted, we shall be forced to a new debate in three or four years. The ideas offered in *Blaming the Victim* and *Regulating the Poor* should have been assimilated by that time; perhaps meanwhile we shall find the depth and vision for genuine reform.

Trial

Continued from page 22

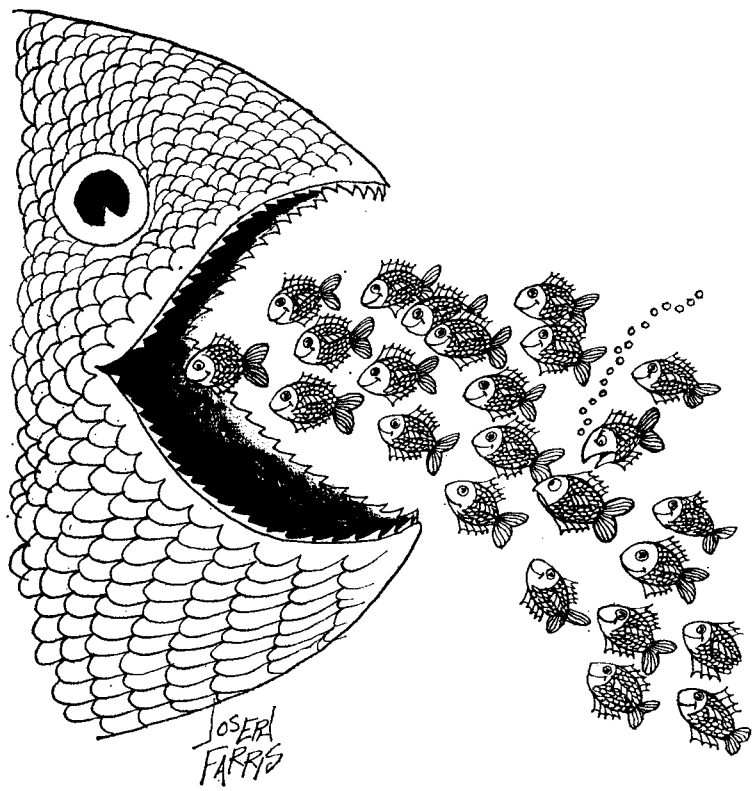
he convoked the Great Sanhedrin (the religious court of seventy-one) to save Jesus. The picture of high priests, elders, and scribes plotting against Jesus was drawn, Justice Cohn assures us, by later writers who transferred their hatred of the Jews to the religious leaders of Jesus' time. In this way they hoped to gain greater leniency from Rome for the persecuted Christian communities.

Cohn's solution is beautiful: the Jews are freed of responsibility; Jesus is termed a Jewish patriot and freedom fighter, beloved of his fellow Jews, and the guilt settles conveniently on Rome, which can be execrated by Jew, Christian, or Maoist. Thus the Jews go scot-free because Cohn dismisses all the evidence that would implicate any of them.

Had he used Gospel sources exclusively, Cohn's case, even if rejected, might not have been refuted. But to strengthen his case he draws on the so-called tannaitic literature (early rabbinical interpretations of biblical law and oral traditions recorded in the Mishnah, etc.), and the Jewish historian Flavius Josephus. In so doing he shows his hypothesis has no real foundation. Both sources contradict his contention that the Pharisees were "the embodiment of genuine Jewish patriotism" and would have looked upon Jesus with favor. They also deny that the high priest, a Sadducee, could have convoked the Great Sanhedrin to find ways of saving Jesus.

Pharisaism, the regnant Judaism in Jesus' day, was a religion of salvation. Its main belief was that God had given Israel a twofold law—oral and written—not merely the written law. Whoever committed himself to this was assured a share in the world to come and, ultimately, bodily resurrection. Those Jews who, like the Sadducees, rejected the twofold law and persisted in proclaiming that God had given only the written law (the Pentateuch) were repudiated by the Pharisees, who bolstered their system by establishing a law-preserving, law-making, and law-adjudicating institution called the *Beth Din Ha-Gadol* (the Great Legislature), which, like the Roman Senate, was referred to in Greek as a *boulé*.

How, then, could the Sadducees join a body that urged an individual condemned to death to confess his guilt so that he might retain his place in the next world? Jesus could not have come before a religious tribunal consisting, as Cohn alleges, of a majority of Sadducees. Only if the charge were political could Pharisees and Sadducees meet on common ground and sit together in a holy political Sanhedrin to decide whether Jesus was causing enough trouble to warrant turning him over to the procurator for judgment. The Pharisees regarded land, temple,



"Quit complaining! He's the only leader we've got!"

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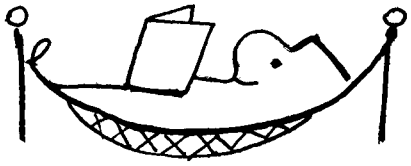
and political sovereignty as nonessential. So long as Rome did not obstruct the road to eternal life and resurrection, but allowed the Pharisees to teach their gospel of salvation, the Pharisees recognized Rome's sovereignty as legitimate. Pharisees rejected revolution and messianism as dangerous because both threatened to bring down the wrath of the Romans on all forms of Judaism and imperiled Pharisaic religious hegemony. The Sadducees, for their part, were afraid of what might happen to them should the masses get out of hand.

Thus Jesus was a threat because his teachings stirred up the people and made them restive. It was the duty of



the Roman-appointed high priest to alert the procurator to troublemakers. He in turn looked to a council to help him distinguish between leaders and followers. JESUS, KING OF THE JEWS, the inscription on the cross, bears witness not only to these political implications but also to the fact that the death penalty could have been pronounced only by the Roman procurator.

Cohn's thesis, therefore, is not supported by the Gospels, or by Josephus, or by the tannaitic literature, and he has not succeeded in shifting the blame exclusively to the Romans.

What, then, are Jews and Christians to do? Shall we continue to mount ever more massive efforts to discredit the Gospels, or have we now reached a level of maturity which allows us to understand the past without being adversely influenced by it? Jews may appreciate Christianity now even though they formerly scorned it. Christians may find a richness in Judaism now which they could not previously acknowledge—and each will have strengthened his faith. "The truth shall set you free" ought to be the dictum guiding us in our ecumenical endeavors. The past has a right to its integrity and ought not to be rewritten to serve contemporary ends, however worthy. And by the same token the present deserves to shape a new age of understanding between Christian and Jew.

Ellis Rivkin is Adolph S. Ochs Professor of Jewish History at Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion. His book "The Shaping of Jewish History: A Radical New Interpretation" will be published in the fall.

Trade Winds

Continued from page 8

from the neck up. Up till now, the Negro has been a part-time whore. When I was elected to Congress, I was the only black. There was one Negro." What, he was asked, is the difference? "A black is a person who identifies with the mass of his people. A Negro is a bourgeois," he said. "I call them 'the bushies'—the ones who escape to the suburbs."

Another new author who caused a stir was Robert Marsh (*Agnew: The Unexamined Man*, Evans). Agnew's former PR man, he described the Vice President as "a political accident looking for someplace to happen." "It is easy for him to be Nixon's man," he said, "because he has never, really, been his own man." Mr. Marsh sees 1972 as Nixon and Agnew vs. Humphrey and Jackson, with Nixon and Agnew winning. "Senator Kennedy," he said, "is the only one who could defeat Nixon." In such a case would Agnew, he was asked, bring up Chappaquiddick? "I doubt if he would bring it up himself," Mr. Marsh replied, "but he would see it was brought up."

The actor star of the convention was Edward G. Robinson, who appeared with his wife, Jane, who with Leonard Spigelgass is the author of the forthcoming *Edward G. Robinson's World of Art* (Harper & Row). "I put it together," said Mrs. Robinson, "as a valentine for Eddie. He would have said no." "She believes in surprises," said Mr. Robinson. "It's part of Women's Lib." We asked them if it was their first book. "Well," began Mr. Robinson, "I was a playwright once. . . ." "He asked *me*," interjected Mrs. Robinson. "For seventeen years," she went on, smiling, "I stayed in bedrooms, bathrooms, and closets while Eddie was interviewed. Yesterday, for the first time, the situation was reversed. Eddie stayed in the bathroom."

Our last interview was with Henry Beetle Hough, for fifty-one years the great Yankee editor of *Martha's Vineyard Gazette* and author of this summer's *Tuesday Will Be Different: Letters from Sheriff's Lane* (Dial). "I have two titles," he told us. "For those who can't possibly be intimidated, I call it 'Essays from Sheriff's Lane.' Where I come from," he said quietly, "we've fought progress with moderate success for fifty years. Progress is, after all, the great enemy."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 37: recount, counter, trounce.

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1941

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Becoming	54 68 78 88 105 136 161 169
B. Dry rosé from France's Rhone region	171 188 106 115 119
C. Small antisubmarine warship (2 wds.)	125 133 148 192 198 41 55 59 89
D. French painter (1684-1721; "The Embarkation for Cythera")	116 149 162 179 183 201 206
E. Satan	3 22 31 45 50 75 84 96 103
F. Bark, cortex; crust	167 174 207 14
G. Moving, pathetic	23 29 42 60 86 95 112 4
H. Rear seating compartment of an automobile	8 15 35 56 73 80 101
I. Banal	104 155 168 140 147 154 164 185 208
J. (*Of a decorative object*) embossed, inlaid, or stamped	210 2 25 65 82 92 113 121 127
K. Danish novelist, sociologist, and lecturer (1872-1950; "The Dangaerous Age")	11 109 150 158 21 49 74 193 216
L. In all ways	7 110 135 173 126 163 181 85
M. French director ("Les Quatre Cent Coups")	123 182 189 51 165 27 71 143

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Bum's rush (comp.)	197 203 46 134 137 205 215
O. Stealthy, surreptitious	37 62 97 111 118 9 70 83 131 138 157
P. Petitioned	176 178 191 211
Q. (*Law*) Burglar, housebreaker	213 16 122 186 160 67 151 19 53
R. Trait or element that modifies, alleviates, or vivifies	102 141 204 153 175 212 1 13 39
S. Applying to each of several categories (comp.)	40 99 190 61 69 98 196 32 52 177 117 24 202 43
T. Pounded, beat out	90 17 18 64 200 209 34 44
U. Forcible extraction	107 184 194 130 77 33 145 170
V. "The History of ——" by Frances Sheridan	6 166 76 199 48 57 114 87 120
W. The west wind personified	20 159 142 124 144 66 172 195
X. Hand in bridge or whist containing no card higher than a nine	187 30 72 58 128 214 100 146 81 132
Y. Significant	94 91 63 139 5 38 108 180 129 26
Z. Cast out; get rid of	10 36 12 79 152 156 47 28 93

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 R	2 J	3 E	4 G	5 Y	6 V	7 L		8 H	9 O	10 Z		11 K	12 Z	13 R	14 F
	15 H	16 Q		17 T		18 T	19 Q	20 W	21 K	22 E	23 G		24 S		25 J	26 Y	27 M
28 Z	29 G		30 X		31 E	32 S	33 U	34 T	35 H		36 Z	37 O	38 Y	39 R		40 S	
41 C	42 G	43 S	44 T	45 E	46 N		47 Z		48 V	49 K	50 E	51 M	52 S	53 Q	54 A	55 C	56 H
	57 V		58 X	59 C	60 G	61 S	62 O		63 Y		64 T	65 J	66 W	67 Q	68 A	69 S	
70 O	71 M	72 X	73 H	74 K	75 E	76 V	77 U		78 A	79 Z	80 H	81 X	82 J	83 O	84 E		85 L
86 G	87 V	88 A		89 C	90 T	91 Y	92 J	93 Z		94 Y	95 G	96 E	97 O	98 S		99 S	100 X
101 H	102 R	103 E		104 I	105 A	106 B	107 U		108 Y	109 K	110 L	111 O	112 G		113 J	114 V	115 B
	116 D	117 S	118 O	119 B	120 V		121 J	122 Q		123 M	124 W	125 C	126 L		127 J	128 X	129 Y
130 U	131 O		132 X	133 C	134 N	135 L		136 A	137 N	138 O	139 Y		140 I	141 R	142 W	143 M	
144 W	145 U	146 X	147 I	148 C		149 D	150 K	151 Q	152 Z	153 R	154 I		155 I	156 Z	157 O		158 K
159 W	160 Q	161 A	162 D	163 L	164 I		165 M	166 V	167 F		168 I	169 A	170 U	171 B	172 W	173 L	174 F
175 R	176 P		177 S	178 P	179 D		180 Y	181 L	182 M		183 D	184 U	185 I	186 Q	187 X		188 B
189 M	190 S	191 P	192 C	193 K	194 U	195 W		196 S	197 N	198 C	199 V	200 T		201 D	202 S	203 N	
204 R		205 N	206 D	207 F	208 I	209 T	210 J	211 P		212 R	213 Q	214 X	215 N	216 K			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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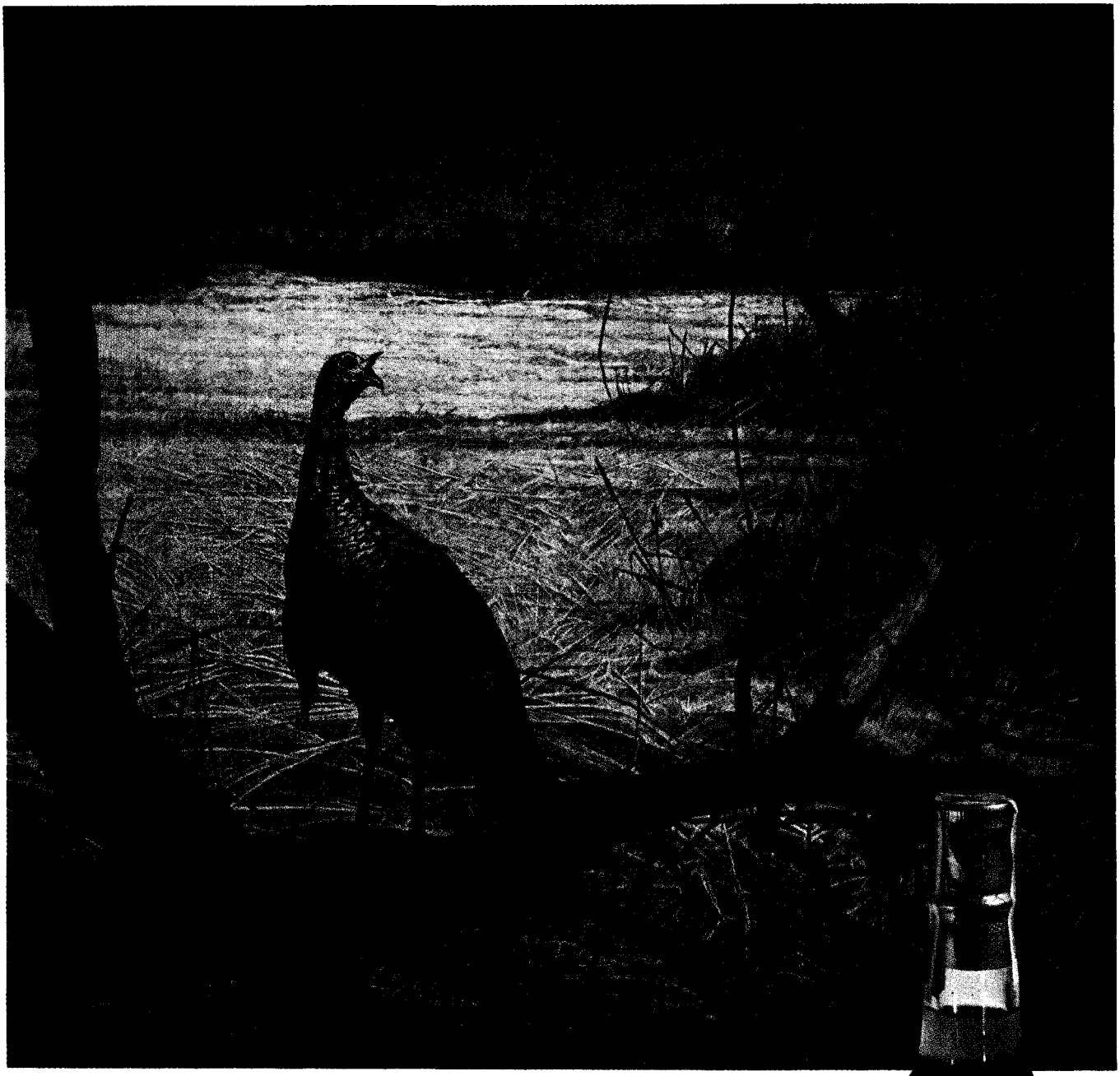

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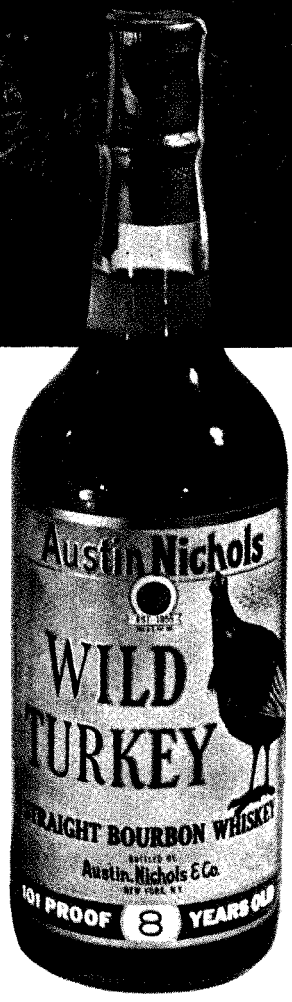
Beyond Duplication



101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

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The tip of a Parliament works like a cigarette holder works.

Inside every Parliament tip there's a filter that's recessed. Tucked away from your lips.

So you don't taste the filter. Just the good, clean flavor.

The Parliament tip.

It may not look like a cigarette holder. But it works like one.

King-Size and Charcoal 100's.

Kings: 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70

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